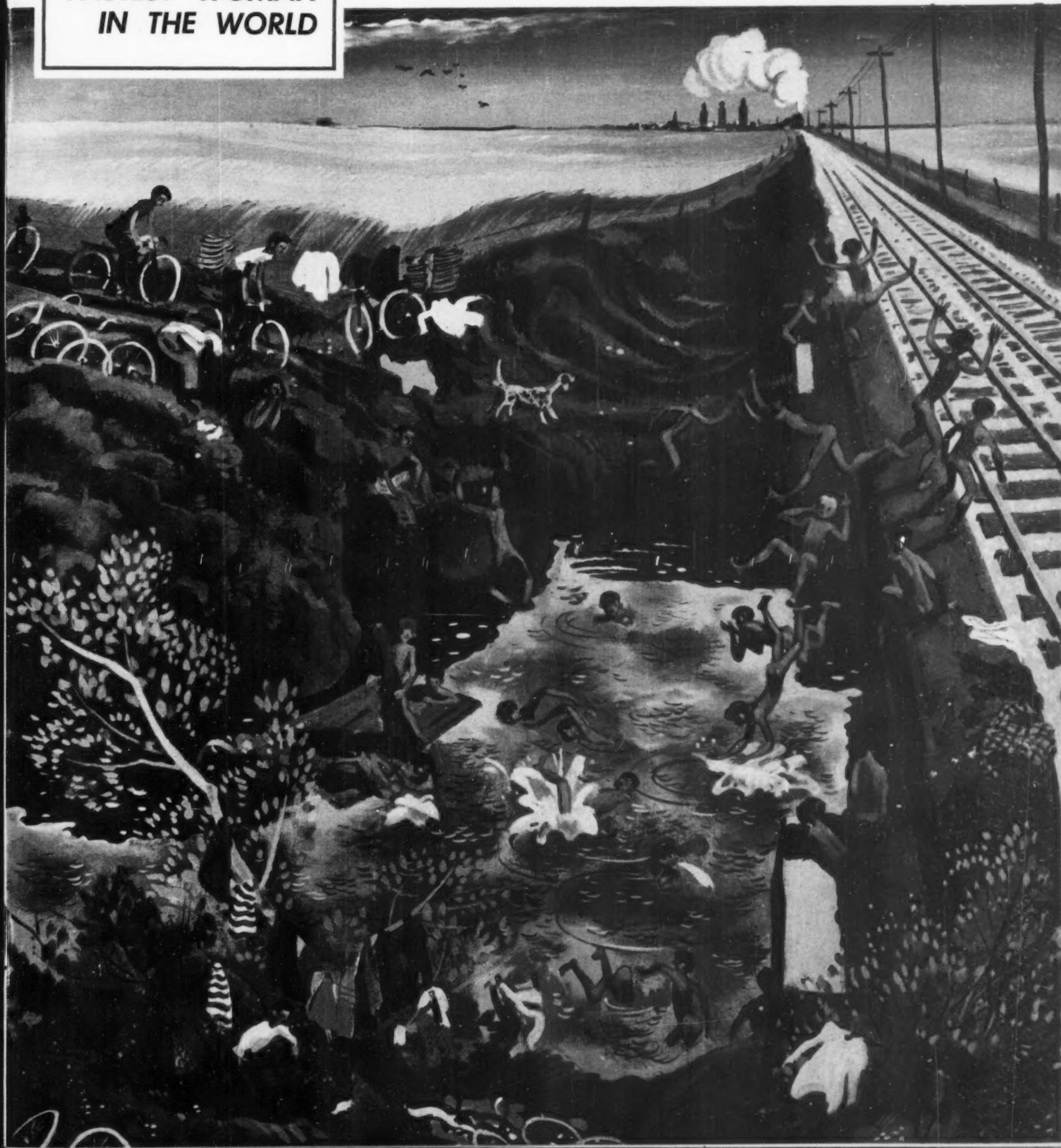


CAN CANADA SETTLE
THE FIGHT OVER THE
POLISH ART TREASURES?

Jacqueline Cochran:
FASTESt WOMAN
IN THE WORLD

MACLEAN'S

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THE CBC AND THE CAPTIVE VIEWER

ITH THE fundamental goals of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, this magazine is in considerable sympathy. So, we believe, are most of the taxpayers who pay the shot for the CBC; the CBC is still with us after more than twenty years of buffeting by its foes and that fact alone bespeaks a high degree of public acceptance.

But what are the CBC's proper goals? Is the CBC itself beginning to lose sight of them? Have the formidable problems of building a national television service on a shoestring caused our state broadcasting system to lose sight of the very ends for which it was created?

We do not find the answers to the last two questions altogether reassuring. As we see it, the proper goals of the CBC are to ensure that Canadian radio and television shall have some character of their own; that their duty to supply Canadians with entertainment, information and stimulation in keeping with their special needs as Canadians shall not be wholly defeated by the flood of programs from the United States; that listeners and viewers of minority tastes shall not be altogether neglected through commercial broadcasting's natural tendency to cater almost entirely to majorities.

But it is no part of the CBC's function to interfere with the individual listener's or viewer's right to choose his own programs for himself. The CBC's job is to see that he has the widest possible choice, and that the choice shall include a large number of programs of domestic origin, at least some of them shaped by considerations of quality rather than of pure commercial impact. If the CBC can offer the Toronto Symphony or a constructive talk on national affairs, it need not concern itself whether most of its potential audience will still prefer to tune in to Hopalong Cassidy or *I Love Lucy*. It need not and has no right to set up artificial barriers compelling the audience to listen to the symphony or to nothing at all.

Yet this restriction of choice seems to be a part of the corporation's television policies. Although other channels are available in the few Canadian cities in which the corporation itself is operating TV stations, no private license has been granted

in any of those cities. The CBC will not admit it in so many words, but in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto it is doing its best to maintain captive audiences and it will soon be doing the same thing in Vancouver and elsewhere.

This longing for a captive audience reached a peak of absurdity in the recent licensing of a private television station in Hamilton. Hamilton is within viewing range of Toronto. Presumably the new Hamilton station will present some programs not carried by the CBC's Toronto outlet; presumably TV owners in the area served by the CBC's Toronto station would welcome the opportunity of deciding for themselves which of the two stations they would prefer to watch at any given time.

But the Hamilton license was granted only on the condition that the Hamilton station "turn around" and beam its programs to the Niagara Peninsula. It will be impossible for its signal to reach Toronto. The reasoning behind this curious decision is that any one area can support only one TV station at present and that to allow Hamilton to compete for the Toronto listener would be economically dangerous.

This kind of logic will always be of doubtful merit to a free society. It's particularly doubtful when applied to a medium of communication. As an important medium of communication, the CBC's root function is to see that the listener and viewer are given more programs, not fewer, from which to choose. Its duty is not to see that the audience is offered less variety, but that it is offered more variety.

The CBC's radio service has won the public's confidence, or at least its acquiescence, by adhering to this principle. The average Canadian radio listener is in a privileged position because, whether he's a long-hair or a short-hair, he can generally find something to his taste by choosing from the programs offered by Canadian private stations, by Canadian public stations and by American private stations. The CBC will find it hard to win the same confidence among TV owners if it persists in putting them in an underprivileged position in order to create a monopoly or near monopoly which the public never intended it to have in the first place.

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

JUNE CALLWOOD planned to spend her day in the operating room of the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital (see pages 8, 9, 10 and 11) on a Wednesday but the appointment was changed to a Friday at the last moment. If she'd kept the original date she would have been present when her own daughter, Jennifer, aged two, underwent a tonsillectomy. June was surprised to find that operations are "quite bloodless" ... Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, who



June Callwood with Danny O'Grady

writes about Madame Albani, the famous Canadian soprano (page 20), has a new book out about Ontario, published by Ryerson. Mrs. Campbell traveled about the province

for a year gathering material ... Colin McDougall's story, Love Is For The Birds (page 14), is set in his home town, Montreal. He won first prize in our fiction contest early this year with his gripping story about a soldier sentenced to death in Italy ... Congratulations to W. O. Mitchell for winning the President's Medal of the University of Western Ontario for the best short story written by a Canadian in 1952. It was The Princess and the Wild Ones, which appeared in Maclean's March 15 issue last year.

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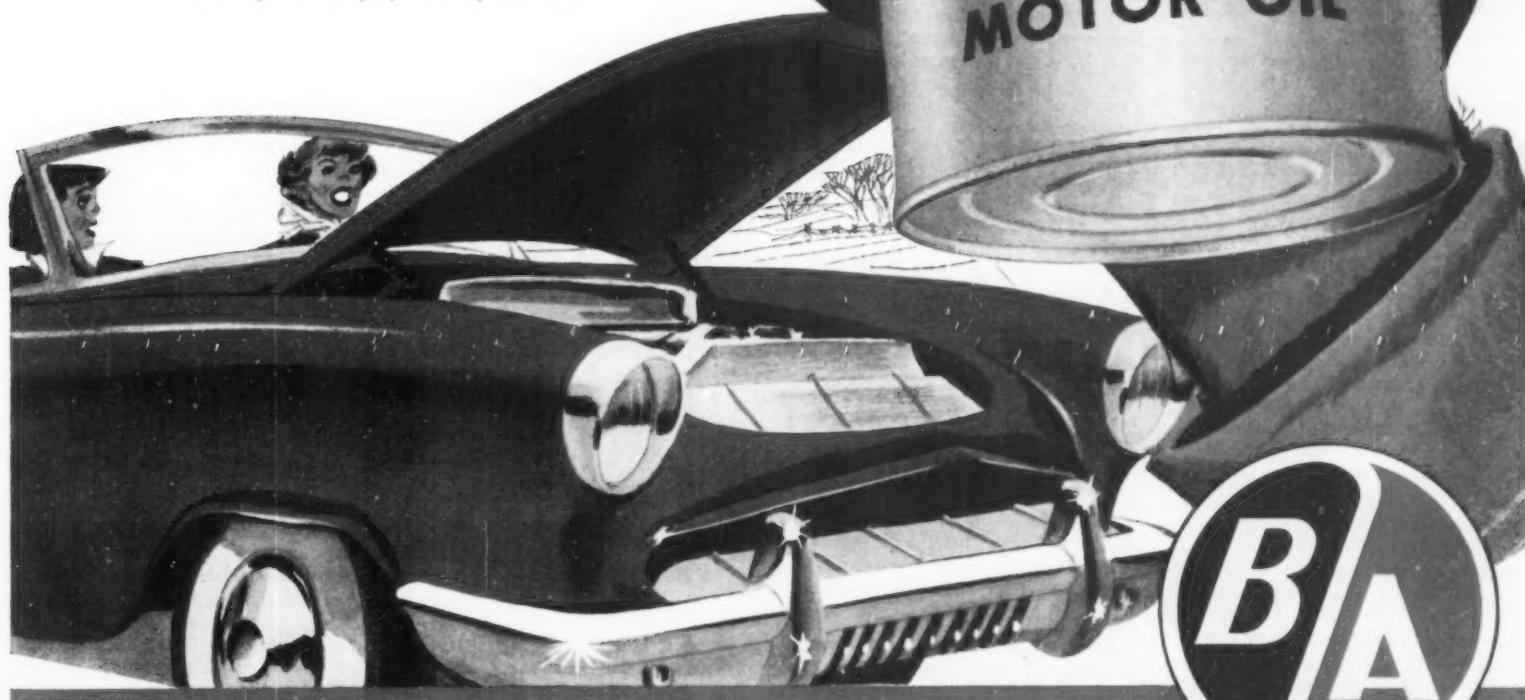
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, JULY 15, 1953

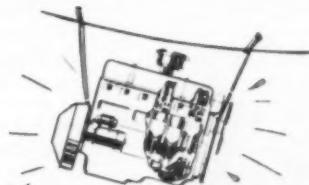
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In "Alice in Wonderland"—at the Mad Hatter's tea party—Alice and the Dormouse were talking.

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—."

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took great interest in questions of eating . . .

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice remarked gently, "they'd have been ill."

Alice had the right idea about nutrition

Alice knew that no one could live on treacle (molasses) alone, or any other single food. Indeed, she had the right idea about good nutrition.

Even today, unfounded claims are made about the "magic powers" of particular foods. Such claims should be disregarded. Authorities have proved that good health depends largely on eating a wide variety of properly chosen and properly prepared foods. These include meat, eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables, enriched and whole-grain bread and cereals.

How much and what kinds of foods you should eat to maintain health and *desirable* weight depends on your age, your physical condition and the kind of work you do. An older person, for example, who is not physically active needs less of the foods that produce energy. He should have generous amounts of the foods that furnish protein, vitamins, and minerals essential to the upkeep and repair of the body.

Your meals, if well-balanced, will supply these and other necessary elements in the proper amounts. Protein, for example, is needed to build and repair the tissues of the body. The vitamins and minerals are necessary because they affect or take part in many chemical processes in the body. Proteins, vitamins and minerals are found in many foods. Good nutrition depends upon eating a *variety* of such foods.

Today, scientists are learning more and more about the various food elements, such as the amino acids which are the basic components of protein. Research has shown that there are some 22 of these substances

and that at least 8 to 10 of them are essential to good nutrition.

In order to obtain them, a diet varied in protein content is necessary. It has also been found that the amino acids are not fully utilized if certain vitamins are lacking. These facts all point to the importance of eating a *variety* of foods.

There is more to good eating habits, however, than simply *what* you eat. So, to help you get the full benefit from your food, here are some suggestions that you may follow:

Have your meals at regular hours.

Eat slowly and in a relaxed atmosphere.

Avoid strenuous exercise just before and immediately after eating.

See the doctor if you have frequent digestive upsets.

Have dental defects repaired promptly.

Follow your doctor's suggestions about reducing diets.

Medical science has learned a great deal about the role of nutrition in the treatment of certain diseases. In fact, proper dietary control is often helpful in treating diabetes, high blood pressure and other conditions.

The *immediate* function of your food, however, is to provide your body with the energy you need for daily activities. Metropolitan's free booklet, "Food for the Family," discusses the essential nutritive elements, tells why you need them and what foods supply them. By following sensible rules about diet you may have longer life and greater ability to enjoy it.



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London Letter

BY Beverley Baxter

STANDING ROOM ONLY IN THE WEST END

I SUPPOSE there are some people left in Paris, New York, Toronto and other great cities. The entire population of the world cannot have moved en masse to London. And yet . . .

Why did I never know that my North London constituents whom I have represented in parliament for eighteen years have relatives and friends in every country in the world, with the possible exception of Borneo, and that most of them are now visiting London? Their wants, as far as I am concerned, are simplicity itself. They only require to be shown around the Houses of Parliament and then get in to the gallery when Sir Winston Churchill is speaking.

The public gallery of the House of Commons seats about three hundred people, and this season about thirty thousand people a day ask for tickets. Visiting Canadians, who appear to be one-hundred-percent readers of Maclean's, are pretty reasonable on the whole. They are willing to settle on a tour of the buildings followed by an hour in the public gallery even if Churchill is not speaking.

My wife asked me the other evening if I was unwell and had better see doctor. It seems that in my sleep I was saying: "This is where Charles I was tried by Cromwell and his friends. Just over there was where Guy Fawkes, the only man who ever had a practical plan for reforming parliament, placed his barrels of gunpowder. Whenever a reigning monarch dies they bring the body here to Westminster Hall."

It is good to meet one's kinsmen from overseas and even better to meet one's kinswomen, and I love to see their interest in everything. But you just cannot put an ocean into a pint bottle and that is what we have been asked to do this year. Come again next year and the year after when there will be more room. Britain is an island that loves to be visited, and we who dwell here are proud of the riches bestowed on us through the benefice of the ages.

However, it must not be imagined that the Coronation fever has affected only the people from across the waters. The English, the Irish, the Welsh—and even the Scots, despite their resentment about the Queen being crowned Elizabeth the Second—have come to London in a great human torrent. If only I had produced my ill-fated play of 1942, *It Happened in September*, today it would be a sellout. How do I know? Because every other theatre is packed and mine would be the only play with seats available.

More than once in these letters I have remarked that the theatre is perhaps the one institution that most clearly marks the difference between a metropolis and a normal city. The cinema brings the same films to the small town as to the cities, and television has created a democracy of viewers that is nationwide. But the living theatre flourishes only in Paris, New York and London because of the density of population and the traditions of the centuries.

Nowhere in the world is the living theatre so loved as in London, in spite of the pessimists who have been saying for several hundred years that it is dying. And, of course, when an event like the Coronation comes along the London theatre is shrewd enough to ensure that its offerings are calculated to make some contact with emotions engendered by that great event.

One of the most cherished of our London theatres is the Old Vic which flourishes on the unfashionable South Bank of the river near the spot where Shakespeare used to hold forth in his Globe Theatre. The Old Vic was run on a shoestring in the years between the wars and it was a great sight to watch the cloth-capped Cockneys drinking tea or sucking lollipops while arguing with each other whether Mr. Smith was a good Hamlet or a blarsted washout. But in the last war Hitler destroyed the place and it was rebuilt with state funds and endowed as well.

Famous actors play for nominal salaries and young actors, without a name, get their chance. Therefore it

Continued on page 46



BLAIR FRASER
BACKSTAGE
at Ottawa

Will We Recognize Red China?

RECOGNITION of two Chinese governments — Chiang Kai-shek's on Formosa and Mao Tse-tung's in Peking—is being studied in External Affairs as a possible way of bridging the gulf which divides the Western allies on Far Eastern policy.

The idea didn't originate in Canada. It came from Britain and is said to have been conceived by Sir Winston Churchill himself. However, it's in harmony with the general line of thinking in Ottawa. Canada's attitude toward Formosa has changed a good deal since 1950.

Nominally, of course, it has been the same for years. Canada formally recognizes the Formosa regime as the legal government of China. Chiang Kai-shek's ambassador, Dr. Liu Chieh, still lives with a skeleton staff in Sir Robert Borden's old home on Charlotte Street.

Actually, though, Canada was on the point of recognizing the Communist victory in China when the Korean War broke out. Recognition after June 25, 1950, was obviously impossible—it would have looked like giving in to armed extortion. But if the Communist invasion had been postponed for even a month Canada might now have a minister in Peking and Mao have one in Ottawa.

For some time, even after the Chinese entry into the Korean War in November 1950, Ottawa took it for granted that the change was merely postponed—that the Peking Government would be recognized and the Chiang regime abandoned as soon as hostilities ended. The Canadian government, like the British, thinks it is only realism to accept the fact that the Communists have won

in China and cannot be dislodged by anything short of a major war on the continent of Asia. Neither Canada nor Britain has the slightest intention of becoming involved in such a war.

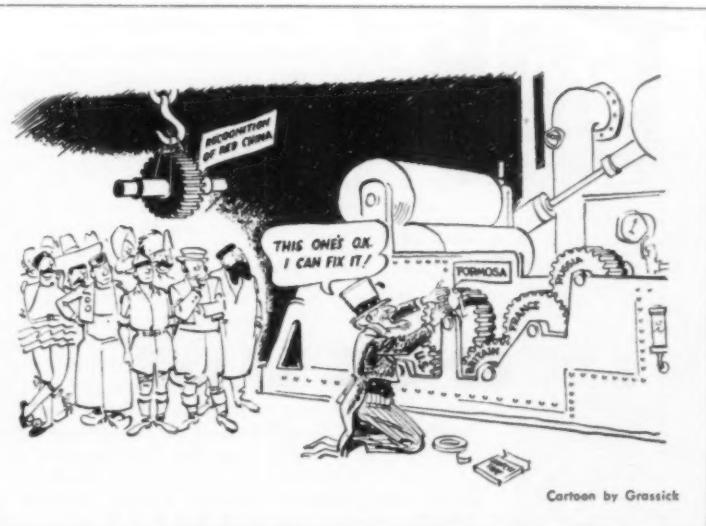
On the other hand Chiang Kai-shek is still on Formosa with half a million soldiers and, apparently, the firm continuing support of the United States. It may be unrealistic to pretend he is the president of China, but it is also unrealistic to pretend he isn't there at all.

So far there isn't the slightest indication that Mao Tse-tung would agree to such a deal or accept anything less than complete recognition and the return of Formosa to "China" as promised in the Cairo Declaration of 1945. Neither is there any indication how to determine which Chinese government would hold China's seat, and China's veto, on the United Nations Security Council. These and other problems can be faced, if necessary, after the first big question is answered:

Will the United States agree to any compromise, any middle ground, in Far Eastern policy?

The truce talks in Korea demonstrated how difficult it will be to get a firm, final answer to this question. It's difficult because U. S. delegations are constitutionally incapable of sticking to negotiated agreements. This has been proved all too often, but seldom more dramatically than at Panmunjom.

Ottawa is firmly convinced that we could have had a Korean truce in April if Washington had wanted one. We failed to get one because Washington came up with a brand-new set of *Continued on page 49*



Cartoon by Grassick

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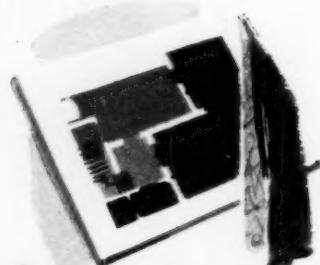
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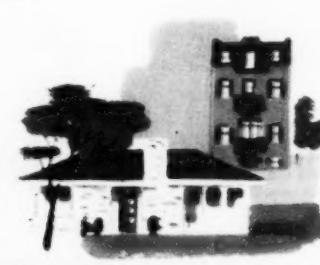
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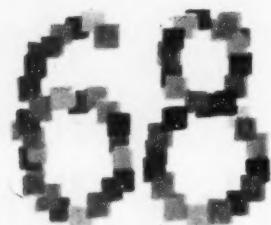
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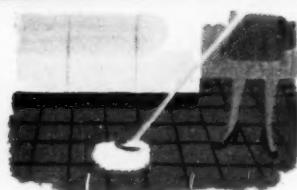


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Who's Going To Get

THE POLISH ART TREASURES

By MCKENZIE PORTER

The Communist government in Warsaw demands them and calls Canada a thief. The exiled Polish leaders who sent them here still claim them. Ottawa's trying hard to pass the buck. The only person who isn't fretting is Premier Duplessis—he's got them

A Bonus-Length Feature

THIS NARRATIVE is all about a fabulous treasure of national heirlooms which belongs to the people of Poland but has been buried in Canada for the past thirteen years. It is the story of an international imbroglio that could well have been written by Graham Greene as a melodrama, by Evelyn Waugh as a satire or by P. G. Wodehouse as a farce.

It is the story of a long conspiratorial conflict for the possession of a trove of priceless relics in the course of which foreign agents have shadowed each other through the streets of Ottawa, and trucks laden with riches have headed into the night for secret hideaways. Famous Canadian statesmen, trying to extricate themselves from the embarrassing alien broil, have only sunk deeper under the weight of their own equivocations. Two Communist diplomats trying to practice on Canadian soil the roughshod tactics common to iron-curtain countries have been thwarted in their purpose by the ingenuity of their own anti-Communist countrymen, by the passive resistance of Canadian monks and nuns and by a spectacular political move by a Quebec premier. And the chief of a provincial police force has given the plot a droll twist by hoodwinking the RCMP in a street-corner game of cops and robbers.

Below the bizarre surface of this chronicle, however, there run currents that are far from light-hearted.

As most Canadian newspaper readers already know, about four million to five million dollars' worth of royal regalia, precious vessels, marvelous tapestries and unique manuscripts were brought to this country for safekeeping at the outset of the recent war by couriers of the refugee Polish government in London. Toward the end of the war, when Canada repudiated the London Poles and recognized the new Communist Warsaw Poles, the question of which group should be given custody of the treasures became delicate and debatable.

The London Poles preserved a political structure which stands today, which they still maintain is the only constitutional administration of their country, and which, they say, has the right to submit its claim for retention of the treasures to international arbitration. The Warsaw Poles, who have been in power for eight years, assert that they alone now represent the Polish state and are the sole authorities invested with the right to recover and care for its historic and artistic museum pieces.

Each of the two sides has its supporters among Canadians of different race, politics and religion.



Treasure includes this caparison, fashioned for a seventeenth-century nobleman's horse.

When the dispute began in 1945 this fact weighed heavily on the minds of the Liberal Federal Government in Ottawa.

The late Mackenzie King, perhaps fearing he might only anger both factions if he took any decisive action himself, contended that only an international court could decide on the proper disposal of the disputed treasures. The envoys of the Warsaw Poles in Ottawa attempted to wrest them physically from the envoys of the London Poles.

Communist official examines Poland's famed Coronation Sword, held by an Ottawa bank.



The struggle was long, cunning and bitter. It was brought to a precipitate end by the unexpected intervention of Prime Minister Maurice Duplessis of Quebec. His officers grabbed the bulk of the treasures from a London Polish hiding place in a Quebec City convent and carted them off, under the noses of RCMP guards, to the Provincial Museum. That was five years ago. The struggle has since been half forgotten but it has not relented.

The argument over a purely foreign problem has been stoked to greater heat by domestic frictions between those Quebecers who uphold Duplessis' act as a legitimate demonstration of provincial authority and those other Canadians who deplore it as an illegal affront to the dignity of the federal government. And the whole affair has given Communist propagandists a perpetual excuse for labeling the Canadian state as a thief and left Western countries, who are friendly with Canada but unversed in her political complexities, puzzled or critical.

To isolate the facts from the propagandist half-truths and outright lies is not easy. None of the parties to the dispute is anxious to expose the full record. The Canadian federal government, which is not altogether immune to the charge of weakness and blundering, clings to a policy which has produced no results and replies to touchy questions with a terse "no comment."

The London Poles who are content with the present impasse will say nothing that might tend to break it. The Warsaw Poles hand out reams of printed matter which leaves the reader in no doubt that they find an advantage in the prolongation of the argument.

And Duplessis, the Quebec nationalist, hangs onto the bulk of the treasures in the happy knowledge that his enemies at Ottawa would only strengthen his own position if ever they dared order him to give them up.

To comprehend fully the motives of all involved in this murky tangle it is necessary to go back to the beginning.

When the Germans invaded the Republic of Poland on Sept. 1, 1939, the conservative government then in power formed teams of curators to save the national heirlooms. The most important of these were exhibited in the Wawel Royal Castle, at Cracow. Some of the treasures belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, some to Polish noblemen and some to the nation. All, however, were held in trust by the state.

The diadem of

Continued on page 41

JUNE CALLWOOD SPENDS

A DAY IN THE



at Toronto's famed Hospital for Sick Children where sixty operations is a routine schedule.

She watches young lives saved by the deceptively casual skill of some of Canada's best surgeons. In particular she records

IT IS THE hour after dawn of a bright May morning and the halls of the operating floor in Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children are hollow and quiet. The night nurses grouped around the receptionist's empty desk are preparing to go off duty, chatting with some operating-room nurses who have just arrived. Their hushed giggles echo down the long shining corridors.

Within the next five hours, forty-eight children will be operated on in the sixteen operating rooms on this floor, ranging from a twenty-minute tonsillectomy to a two-hour ordeal on a beating heart and from a two-month-old infant having a hernia operation to a fourteen-year-old being fitted with a plaster body jacket to correct a slight spinal curvature. All of the twenty-two staff surgeons who will perform these operations have spent twelve years learning their trade; many of them are world-famous men.

One of the nurses picks up the mimeographed schedule of the morning's operations and frowns. "Big day," she comments. "Three hearts."

The first patient of the morning is a blue-lipped six-year-old Dutch boy with a shock of corn-colored hair, lying in the waiting room watching with drugged eyes the music box a night nurse is winding. She tries, in a soft early-morning voice, to get the boy to talk to her, but he blinks at the ceiling and doesn't appear to hear.

Then, suddenly, his voice blurred with sedative, the child says: "I'm Douwe. I go to Sunday school and next year I'm going to a real school. My dog's name is Emma."

The nurse grins warmly at the boy, but her eyes are thoughtful. Of all the children who will be operated on this morning Douwe has the poorest prospects. The examination of his heart has been puzzling—something is blocking the flow of blood to his lungs, depriving his blood of oxygen, but even the hospital's ten-thousand-dollar angiograph which examined his heart hasn't been able to locate the trouble. The surgeon will have to open the boy's heart and hope to find it.

Because of this lack of oxygen Douwe's lips are as blue as if he had smeared them with blueberry jam, his finger tips, toes and even his ears are purple and his pallor is bluish. Without the operation he can never live to be an adult. The nurse winds the music box again and asks gently if Douwe would like to sleep.

"My cat is named Smoky," mumbles Douwe.

The operating-room nurse, a tall slight girl with her hair wrapped in muslin, appears and gaily notifies the boy he is going for a ride. "Here we go!" she remarks heartily, pushing the bed through the corridor to Operating Room A where the hospital's assistant resident surgeon, Dr. Bob Salter, is waiting in a white surgeon's coverall, his feet in flapping cotton boots and his hair covered with a tight green cap. He pulls his mask up over his face and carries the boy into the operating room. "It's all right, sonny," he says calmly as he lowers the child on the table. "We aren't going to hurt you."

Outside the room the supervisor of the operating floor, Bernice Balcom, is disturbed. "I turn my back and someone schedules a seven-thirty operation," she says darkly. "It just isn't fair to my nurses. They have to get up at five o'clock to get ready for a seven-thirty operation—and then the doctor won't get here until eight."

Bee Balcom is a small, slender, lovely woman in her early thirties, already considered one of the most brilliant nurses in the country. Her war record includes front-line surgery in North Africa and Italy and a medal for courage while being strafed; her Sick Children's record includes credit for planning the most modern surgical workroom in North America and the organizing and training of an efficient staff of fifty nurses and orderlies. Her quiet, controlled fury this morning is equally formidable.

It is seven-thirty, and inside the big square operating room with its green terrazzo walls and glass cabinets of



Danny, who was almost seven when his big day arrived, comes from South Porcupine, Ont. He wasn't a blue baby at birth but as he grew it was obvious that his heart



Danny has known it was coming for a long time and, though he's trying to be brave, he's scared stiff. A nurse sponges his face, tries to relax him, gets a smile out of him.



THE NEEDLE



OPERATING ROOM

Photos by PAUL ROCKETT

How they patched up Danny O'Grady's heart



would need repair. A graduate nurse shows students how to give a bed wash as she begins preliminaries. Danny's operation was expected to be comparatively easy.



Dr. William Mustard (left) prepares to fix up Danny's heart. Man at right is a Chicago heart surgeon who will study the operation.



As zero hour approaches, Jessie Smithers comforts the patient. She gets him interested in her collection of toys and games. He finally selects a ship, a rubber tractor and truck.



Pretty groggy now with morphine and atropine Danny waits his turn, sailing his ship and listening to log-cabin music box.

MORE PICTURES NEXT TWO PAGES ►►



The operating-room nurse arrives and wheels Danny away, bed, toys and all. Boy on right has just returned from operation.



A DAY IN THE OPERATING ROOM *continued*

solutions, three opaque windows glow with the morning sun. This is one of the four largest operating theatres in the hospital; a glassed-in overhead gallery rings the operating table so student nurses and doctors can study the operations through binoculars. At this hour the balcony is empty.

Salter, a dedicated young man who once wanted to be the doctor in a mission, makes a small cut in Douwe's ankle after freezing the area. He is going to run a needle into a vein so the boy can have a continuous transfusion throughout the operation. A light as big as a kettle drum shines down on the youngster's blond head as he sits clutching a teddy bear.

"What are you doing?" he asks nervously.

"Just fixing a bandage on your leg," answers the surgeon.

"Oh," says Douwe, relaxing. Then, "What's a bandage?"

The nurse who is standing by Douwe answers and Salter continues to work on the vein. The scrub nurse who assists the surgeon, sterile in a dark-green gown and white muslin mask and turban, sorts hundreds of instruments on a green-draped table. Her rubber gloves are so sheer the fine hairs on the back of her hand show through. Around her are several more small tables draped in green, holding more instruments, surgeons' gowns and basins of sterile water. In recent years all the cloth surrounding the operating area has been dark-green; it's easier on the eyes than stark white and almost conceals bloodstains.

The anaesthetist, a tall girl in a blue cotton snood and plastic-rimmed glasses, comes into the room, helps lay Douwe flat on the table and slips a rubber cup over his nose and mouth. A moment later his fingers loosen and the teddy bear is removed. A tube is pushed down his windpipe so the anaesthetist can take over the boy's breathing if necessary and a wad of cotton wedged between his teeth to prevent him biting on the tube.

The boy's nude body is then covered with dark green sheets, each with a large hole in the centre to expose his chest. A nurse helps Salter into his green gown, being careful to handle it from the inside; he rubs powder into his hands and pulls his rubber gloves up over his cuffs.

Dr. Anna Sirek, an outstanding woman doctor studying children's heart surgery under two fellowships, comes into the room holding her bare hands high in front of her. She is helped into her gown and gloves and, with an instrument like a straight pen, marks Douwe's bony chest where the incision will go. She takes a knife shaped like a nail file from the scrub nurse and delicately cuts through his skin on the dotted line. The skin slides back, revealing the red and pink marbled tissue beneath.

She and Salter, one on each side of the boy, rapidly begin to clamp the severed blood vessels, tying them with black silk thread. So they can see into the incision better, they swab it repeatedly with cotton wads. It is now eight o'clock and, as Miss Balcom predicted, the heart surgeon hasn't yet arrived. But the others, knowing the professional calls on his time, have anticipated this and it will be five or ten minutes before they have cut deep enough to expose the heart for surgery.

While Douwe is being prepared for his operation,



In the operating room Danny eyes instrument table as Dr. Bob Salter prepares transfusion.



Alice Boxill talks with Danny's parents, keeps them posted on important developments.

the big hospital is humming. In the tonsil suite the first of the morning's sixteen tonsillectomies are beginning. The hospital does more than four thousand such operations in a year. In the eye suite a three-year-old tot with her blond braids in pink ribbons is just going under the anaesthetic. In the adjoining operating room the scrub nurse is preparing for the operation that will straighten the child's crossed eyes. Dr. A. L. Morgan, chief eye surgeon, and his staff of four do four or five of these operations every day under enormous tension. The margin of error is a millimetre. The three operating rooms of the ear, nose and throat suite have received their first patients. One is a familiar face to the staff—a two-year-old from Newfoundland who swallowed lye before his first birthday and has had multiple operations ever since to keep his esophagus open. Next door a four-year-old is having a mastoid operation; next to him a laryngoscopy—an examination of the larynx—is in progress.

The halls along which the six general-surgery operating rooms are located are filled with the bustle of surgeons arriving, the soundless wheeling of white-clad children sitting up in their beds, the

crackle of the public-address system: "Dr. Fearon, Dr. Fearon. Dr. Hamblin, Dr. Hamblin." Outside the operating rooms surgeons, scrub nurses and interns are washing their hands with soap and water and a brush the prescribed seven minutes, rinsing them with alcohol. The taps can be turned off and on with their forearms. While they scrub they discuss the coming nurses' graduation dance and the difficulty of growing Chinese elms. Sixty years ago surgeons washed their hands *after* the operation and wore their frock coats while working.

In Operating Room B, the other large theatre with an overhanging gallery, a small boy is being prepared for a double hernia, a run-of-the-mill type of operation for Sick Children's which averages better than five hundred hernias a year. Farther down the hall Dr. A. B. LeMesurier, the hospital's retired chief of surgery, is weaving together a baby's cleft palate, using a technique he developed twenty-five years ago which has become the standard procedure all over the world. The hospital mends one hundred and twenty-five cleft palates and as many hare lips every year.

Upstairs on the fifth *Continued on page 54*



Left: Dr. Anna Sirek, who will assist at operation, examines Danny closely as he clutches his toy. Above: While Dr. Coe Smith checks anaesthetic equipment, nurses dress Dr. Sirek and Dr. Mustard in their dark-green surgeon's gowns.



The operation, which was expected to be easy, turns out to be very complicated. Surgeons Sirek, Salter and Mustard (obscured by Sirek) work in tense atmosphere.



It's all over and the O'Gradys tiptoe in to see their son resting in oxygen tent.



Anna Sirek and Bill Mustard break tight strain with a cup of coffee, cigarettes.



At far right: Seven days later Danny is seven. He's better but next few months will be critical.

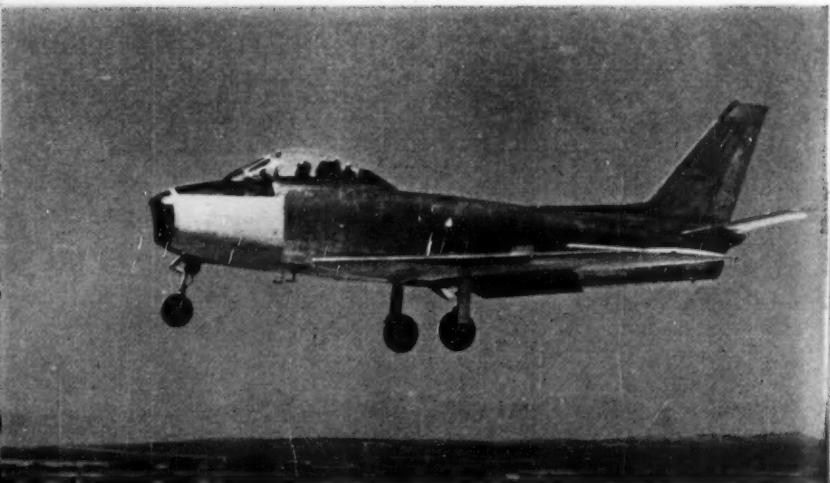


Jacqueline Cochran, forty-seven, with the Canadian jet she borrowed for her record flights. The U. S. Air Force refused to lend her a plane.

The Fastest

In a Canadian Sabre this multimillionaire's wife who was once a barefoot mill girl became the first woman to break the sound barrier. But some sensitive souls are still fretting about how Jacqueline Cochran managed to get hold of the jet in the first place

BY DOUGLAS DACRE



Jackie comes in to land at Muroc, Calif., after one record-breaking flight. The F-86 Sabre had fuel for just two more minutes in the air.

THREE ARE A few politicians, bureaucrats and military men in Ottawa who disapprove of the flights in May and June in which Jacqueline Cochran, the celebrated American aviatrix, piloting a Canadian jet aircraft, broke all existing official speed records save one and became the first woman in history to fly faster than sound.

They suspect that this forty-seven-year-old blond daredevil, once a barefoot child laborer in a Georgia cotton mill, later a cosmetics magnate in her own right and eventually the wife of a fabulous Wall Street financier, used influential connections and feminine wiles to borrow a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar F-86 Sabre jet fighter—presumably the property of the Canadian taxpayer—for a publicity stunt to boost her cosmetics company which plans to enter the Canadian market soon.

Such theories are not unnatural for, during the harebrained Thirties when she was acquiring such newspaper titles as "Queen of the Skies" and "Cinderella of the Air," that was just the sort of stunt Jackie Cochran might have delighted in pulling off. In 1938 she won the Bendix Trophy Race from the greatest male pilots then flying. She was the first woman to make a blind landing on instruments. She flew higher than any woman rival. Once she dived eight thousand feet to blow out a fire in her motor. In those days her plump good looks, radiant smile and triumphant hand-wave constantly enlivened the newspapers and she made no secret of the

Woman in the World

fact that such personal publicity helped establish Jacqueline Cochran Inc., which today sells more than a million dollars' worth of lipsticks, hand lotions, face creams and perfumes every year.

But, her friends and associates insist, the fact that Jacqueline Cochran Inc. products will be sold in Canada next January has nothing to do with Jackie flying a Canadian jet plane through the sound barrier and into the news. They admit she has an insatiable ego, but claim that her feats of flying are now undertaken solely to test the capabilities of new aircraft and equipment.

Whatever her past and present motives, the fact remains that Jacqueline Cochran has done a lot of serious and hazardous flying. During the war she ferried a bomber across the Atlantic and remained in England to deliver new fighters to military airfields and to jockey shot-up fighters to aircraft factories for repairs. For these services she won the U. S. Distinguished Service Medal, a military decoration seldom awarded to civilians and second only to the Congressional Medal of Honor. She also won the French Légion d'Honneur star.

With the coming of the jet age, she found her record-breaking aspirations balked by the fact that jet aircraft were concentrated in military hands. She had to stand by while the world's records she set soon after the war were broken one after the other by pilots in military jets. When her most cherished record, the hundred-kilometre closed course, was broken in a British Vampire Jet by her namesake, rival and friend Jacqueline Auriol, daughter-in-law of the French President, Jackie was mortified.

She knew that in France the vivacious *Mme Auriol*, and in England the retiring Diana Moggeridge, had the use of jets, and that each was secretly planning to become the first woman to fly through the sound barrier, or achieve a speed of more than 760 mph. To Jackie it was a major disaster that she had nothing better to compete in than a souped-up old wartime prop-driven Mustang.

She pleaded with Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg, then U. S. Air Force Chief of Staff, to lend her a jet. Vandenberg declined. The reason, according to Washington columnist, Drew Pearson, was that Vandenberg "got burned once before by giving in to the glamorous aviatrix." He hired her to advise him on improving the women's branch of the air force. Jackie turned in a saucy report suggesting the girls were too short, fat and homely and should be given a glamour course. Vandenberg was criticized when he adopted some of Jackie's suggestions.

"Women's Records" Don't Count

Jackie says she had no difference with Vandenberg. The real reason, she says, was that the Americans were afraid she would crash.

Finally she got her jet by methods which have caused considerable comment in Canada. Last November at a dinner party in New York she convinced Air Marshal Wilfred Curtis, then Canadian Chief of Air Staff, that she was no mere aerial acrobat intent on publicizing powder puffs but a practiced and dedicated flyer and a worthy successor to her two great friends, Amy Johnson and Amelia Earhart.

Curtis made available an F-86 Sabre assembled in Montreal by Canadair Ltd. and powered with the new semisecret all-Canadian Orenda jet engine produced by the A. V. Roe company at Toronto. It belongs to the class used by the most up-to-date squadrons of the RCAF, the RAF, and NATO.

Flying the Canadian Sabre at Muroc Field, Calif., on May 18, Jackie broke the world's closed course hundred-kilometre record by averaging 652 mph. On May 23, with wing-tip tanks added for extra fuel, she broke the world's closed course five-hundred-kilometre record by averaging 590 mph. On June 3 she broke the world's straight-away course fifteen-kilometre record by averaging 670 mph. As this is written she is planning an attempt on the three-kilometre straight-away course record of 699 mph established last November by Major Slade Nash, of the USAF. If she succeeds she will hold title to every official flying speed record by either men or women.

Between her record flights she took the Sabre up three times to a height of forty-eight thousand feet, put it into a perpendicular dive and, by exceeding 760 mph, drove through the sound barrier. She thus became the first woman to accomplish this—one record, she later noted with satisfaction, which can never be taken away from her. But usually Jackie is not interested in "women's records." All her other speed marks are absolute.

Breaking the sound barrier was a feat accompanied by tremendous buffeting of the aircraft and the explosion of shock waves. Although it is now performed repeatedly by male test pilots it still calls for nerve, stamina and a hair-trigger sense of control. Many male pilots in their twenties are unable to achieve it because under the stresses of gravity they black out. The fact that Jackie Cochran can do it at forty-seven is



Jackie ran away with a circus at eight, founded her own cosmetic firm at twenty-five. She pilots her own Lodestar to Europe on business.

testimony to both her amazing physique and remarkable philosophy. "I have always been tough," she says, "and I have never known fear." Air Marshal Curtis describes her as "comparable in skill, technical knowledge and courage to the first male pilots of our time."

Since 1932, when she first learned to fly, Jacqueline Cochran has made only three journeys by train. She travels everywhere on business in her own big Lockheed Lodestar. Last year she casually flew the North Atlantic in this machine. Her answer to the criticism that she has no right to fly military aircraft is the fact that she is a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Air Force Reserve and enjoys the right to wear the honorary wings of the French, Belgian, Spanish, Chinese and British air forces.

She has been married for seventeen years to Floyd Odlum, a sixty-one-year-old son of Canadian parents, who rose from modest beginnings to become chairman of the giant Atlas Investment Corporation and one of the richest men in the United States.

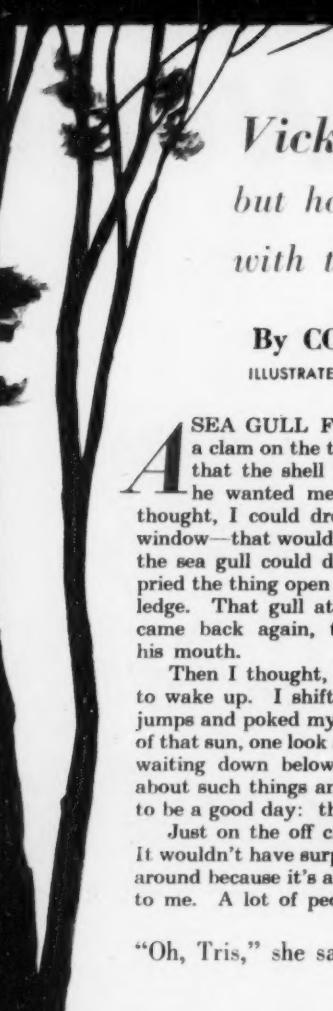
Both are unabashed believers in extra-sensory perception, the scientific name for the "gift of second sight." Jackie is convinced that it has saved her life many times in the air and has enabled her husband to pull off some of the biggest deals in financial history.

Friends tell stories about Jackie to show that she is sentimental, generous and fastidious. A few months ago she leaped out of a taxi in New York and gave impulsively to an impoverished-looking man, wife and two children on the curb every cent she had in her purse—several hundred dollars. When she used a washroom at Canadair in Montreal and found the soap inferior to her taste she sent the chairman a packet of more expensive soap with a mild rebuke.

Jackie has been the guest of honor at functions held by President Truman, Chiang Kai-shek, the Shah of Iran, the Queen of Greece, and President Vincent Auriol of France. In her own home she has entertained Lord and Lady Tedder, Gen. George S. Patton, Gen. James Doolittle and many other distinguished military and naval figures. At her ranch at Indio, Calif., she entertains movie people, nearly always producers or directors or financiers. She is not fond of actors or actresses. Her only real friend in this profession is Rosalind Russell.

Although she is on first-name terms with many important people she never tries to hide the fact that she is a foundling brought up in abject poverty. She never knew her parents. Her earliest memory is of living with foster parents in a shack on a highway derisively called Sawdust Road, twenty miles outside Pensacola, Fla. When she saw the play *Tobacco Road* she was reminded painfully of her own origins.

To save money neighbors attended each others' confinements, helped by any small girls who happened to be around. Jackie once said: "I was delivering babies before I knew the stork was a bird." She never owned a pair of shoes until she earned her first week's wages. She reckoned her fitful periods at school added up to all of two years. *Continued on page 50*



*Vicky might have the greenest eyes in Montreal
but how could she compete
with the greedy devotion of the pigeons of Dominion Square?*

By COLIN McDougall

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BUCKHAM

A SEA GULL FLEW into my bedroom and dropped a clam on the table beside my bed. It seemed obvious that the shell was too tough for him to handle and he wanted me to break it open for him. Well, I thought, I could drop it on the concrete walk below my window—that would certainly smash it. But then I realized the sea gull could do it that way too, if he wanted, so I pried the thing open and spread the pieces over the window ledge. That gull ate up every piece, and pretty soon he came back again, this time with a fair-sized turtle in his mouth.

Then I thought, this is getting *nowhere*, and I decided to wake up. I shifted from bed to window in about two jumps and poked my head out into the sunshine. One gulp of that sun, one look at the fresh-washed city spread out and waiting down below, and I began to tingle. I can tell about such things and I knew for sure that this was going to be a good day: this was a day intended for sun.

Just on the off chance I took a look for that sea gull. It wouldn't have surprised me if he really had been hanging around because it's almost eerie the way birds are attracted to me. A lot of people think I'm dopey about birds—in

my freshman year they even called me "Bird Brain"—but it's just that I like birds; we get along well together.

Still, that sea gull was making me think. When they started coming into my dreams—I mean, a thing can go too far. There were lots of things more important than birds and I started to compile a list. But I thought of Vicky first and then I couldn't think of anything else. I began to squirm inside my pyjamas; the sunlight was getting warmer, but mainly I was remembering what happened last night. Well, I told myself, that fixes the agenda for this bright new day: I had to telephone Vicky at once.

I got showered and dressed in ten minutes flat. There was nobody in the dining room except Fanshawe, my mother's cat, and we didn't bother saying hello. I poured myself out a pint of orange juice and put it down where the sun was trying to pretend that the table was a sort of golden lake. I sat down and let the sun bounce the calories around for several minutes.

To tell the truth I was just a shade nervous about phoning Vicky. But then I did away with a half pint of juice and I knew for sure that no one could stay mad on a day like this. I felt so

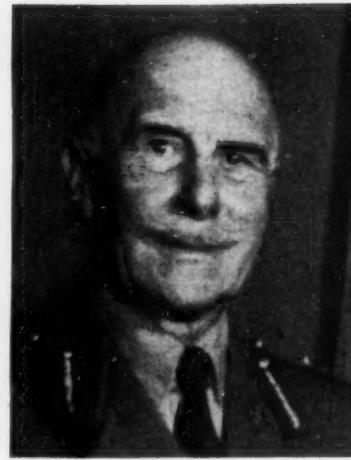
Continued on page 31

"Oh, Tris," she said at last, and her voice sounded hurt and sort of despairing. "Won't you ever grow up?"



*Love is for the
Birds*





4 TWEEDSMUIR: Around the fire at night he concocted the most hair-raising ghost stories for children of the household.

5 ATHLONE: He enjoyed the feel of a fat roll of Canadian dollars in his pocket but he didn't like our wartime whisky.

Col. H. Willis-O'Connor, chief aide at Rideau Hall from 1921 to 1945, concludes the sparkling story of his

LIFE WITH FIVE GOVERNORS-GENERAL

AS TOLD TO MADGE MACBETH

CONCLUSION

IN FRANCE during World War One I met a short spare man who was meticulously dressed but lacked the figure to give glamour to a uniform. He was neither dark nor fair and his features were not well-emphasized, but the power of the extraordinary brain behind his high forehead lighted his small grey eyes and saved him from being nondescript. He was Colonel John Buchan, of the Intelligence staff of the War Office.

Nearly twenty years later, in the summer of 1935, I went from Ottawa to Quebec City with Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King to meet him again. He was now Lord Tweedsmuir and was arriving from Britain as Canada's governor-general. I was to serve him as his principal aide-de-camp, the capacity in which I had served three of his pre-

decessors, Lord Byng, Lord Willingdon and the Earl of Bessborough, and already I had a problem. Intense rivalry had developed between the Church of England and the Presbyterian Church as to which he would ally himself with in this country, and both camps had been after me for weeks. The Church of England contended that being the official church of the King it should also be the official church of the King's representative. Presbyterians asserted that Tweedsmuir was a Presbyterian born and bred and that it would be intolerable if he deserted the old kirk for the Anglicans. They also said it was their turn to be recognized because there hadn't been a Presbyterian governor-general since Lord Aberdeen, who was at Government House from 1893 to 1898.

I felt that the Presbyterian case was the stronger and that the mounting tempest would subside quickly if Lord Tweedsmuir stayed with that denomination. If he wavered or acceded to the demands of the Anglicans I was afraid the result

might be harsh words and unpleasant headlines, which would get him off to a bad start in his new job. As Prime Minister King left me on the dock to go aboard the ship and welcome Tweedsmuir I said to him, "Please remember, sir, that the Governor-General *must* be a Presbyterian. This should be made clear immediately." The Prime Minister soon reappeared, smiling broadly. "I did it, Willies," he said. "His Excellency is definitely a Presbyterian." So, of course, was King. I had counted on that.

When Lord Tweedsmuir disembarked with Lady Tweedsmuir and the viceregal entourage he looked much as I had remembered him in France, except that ill-health had imparted a pale and almost transparent quality to his skin. He suffered from a grave stomach ailment and I was to wonder often in the next four and a half years how he could survive another day. Yet, with the shadow of death hanging constantly over him, he traveled to every corner of Canada, even into the Arctic,

and was one of our greatest governors-general.

He could eat only certain foods, and these in limited amounts. All his meals had to be weighed. At a Government House dinner party he might have a poached egg, while his guests had roast beef. Now, the rule is that as soon as the governor-general finishes a course the waiters remove the plates. Tweedsmuir would try valiantly to make his egg last as long as possible, while the rest of us, clutching our plates with one hand for fear they would be whisked away, wolfed our food with indecent haste.

Frail as he was, he forced himself to walk in the hope that exercise would benefit him. He tramped at such a clip that I had to jog to stay at his side. At his suggestion I formed the habit of dropping into his office in the late afternoon for a little chat — no business, just harmless gossip. In these conversations I learned many things about him. Once, staring out of his window into the twilight, he told me his two ambitions were to be British ambassador at Washington and to be decorated with the Order of the Thistle. Had he survived I am sure both wishes would have been fulfilled. He also told me why, as an intellectual and the author of such serious works as biographies of Montrose, Lord Minto and Sir Walter Scott, he had turned his hand to thrillers like *Greenmantle* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. He said he resented the cheap gangster novels that were flooding the book markets and that he had wanted to see whether he could wean the public from them with stories which, while full of excitement, were not obscene or gory and depended on an appeal to the mind.

Once when I entered his office he looked particularly ill. "Not feeling so well, sir?" I asked.

"Not at the moment," he said wryly. "I've just had a slight disagreement with Prime Minister King."

Recalling the disagreement between King and Lord Byng, which had ballooned into the famous "constitutional crisis" and ended disastrously for Byng, I expressed concern. "Don't disturb yourself," Lord Tweedsmuir smiled. "Nothing will come of it. I'll stand on my head, if that's what he wants me to do."

The Lure of Dime-Store Pearls

I never found out what they had differed over, but I do know that a slight strain in Tweedsmuir's relations with King was created by a humorous address the Governor-General delivered in which he advocated brevity in public speaking. Prime Minister King, seldom brief when he was speaking, seems to have jumped to the conclusion that this was aimed at him.

Lord Tweedsmuir, son of a simple Scottish clergyman, was at his best when mingling with the ordinary men and women of Canada and had the gift of putting them completely at ease and drawing them out. Lady Tweedsmuir had the same talent. Her tact with the humble was infinite. Once I accompanied her to a Women's Institute meeting in a tiny community out back of beyond. I wore full military uniform, including the King's aiguillette, which is a solid gold cord with gold tassels. But, when the supper hour came, one of the women asked Lady Tweedsmuir, "Will your valet eat with you or out in the kitchen?"

"I'll let him eat with me this time," she replied with twinkling eyes. "He'd get underfoot in the kitchen and be a nuisance."

Although overshadowed by her brilliant husband, Lady Tweedsmuir was an author in her own right. She had written two biographies, books and plays for children, and a novel about a derelict Welsh mining village. Both she and her husband continued writing in Ottawa.

Lady Tweedsmuir was devoid of airs, wholly herself, and loved to prowl through the stores poking at bargain counters. I was her shopping companion frequently and when she hovered longingly over a tray of artificial-pearl necklaces at a dollar a string I had to grasp her firmly by the elbow and propel her away, muttering, "No, no, Your Excellency." There is an unwritten law that the chatelaine of

Continued on page 36



ATHLONES

On a cruise through Ottawa's waterways with Juliana, now Queen of the Netherlands, during her wartime exile.



TWEEDSMUIRS

With Mackenzie King at Ottawa cenotaph. Peer and politician did not always see eye to eye.

HIS SUMMER at the cottage you'll get edgy during electrical storms although your chances of getting blasted by lightning will be one in eight hundred thousand, or slightly less than the chances of being bussed by Jane Russell.

If you're a woman, walking those grassy trails, you'll shudder becomingly at the thought of a snake but the chances of being killed by a serpent in Canada are two in twelve million.

On the way to the cottage you'll be at least vaguely aware of the danger of accidents on the highway (although you'll figure that they will all happen to those other idiots).

The joker is that when you park the car beneath that old pine tree and get into your bikini or bathing trunks, you'll go laughing and leaping around without a clue that a really gruesome big-time killer is waiting for you, usually under sunny skies and amid picture-postcard scenery.

Of Canada's nine thousand two hundred accidental deaths a year, motor-car accidents will account for twenty-two hundred and fifty. Accidental falls, the next big dealer in death, will operate over all seasons and will specialize on the aged. One of the top four killers will be fire, which, although it has special ways of working in cottages and boats, will also spread its results over the year. But the one that really works the summer resorts is water, the third big slayer, which commits most of its eight hundred and seventy-two killings during July and August.

There's a chance that you will drown yourself this summer, and you'll probably pick the most convenient, unspectacular way—wading into the water and swimming out from shore. You'll most likely do the crawl. You'll look good, too—going out.

The trouble is, all those cigarettes, banana splits, and long winter months of sitting on your air-foam chair pad will catch up with you at the outermost point of your swim. So will the crawl, a beautiful efficient stroke when done by someone who knows how to do it properly, but rugged work for someone like you, who doesn't. Not even counting cramps, which a swimmer like you wouldn't know what to do about, you'll just run out of wind, muscle and ideas. You'll decide to walk back. But the bottom will be too far down. It may be only five feet. But if it brings the water over your nose just when you're through swimming, it might as well be five fathoms, or fifty, or five hundred. Most drownings happen this way.

You probably won't be interested, but you can avoid killing yourself this way by very simple method—wading out and swimming back. This will look very un-dashing, but it might be of some comfort that old-time lifeguards, who know that there are no heroes with a mouthful of water, recommend it heartily. It gives them a chance to rescue somebody else who is swimming out and trying to walk back underwater. A lot of safe things are unglamorous. The breast stroke and sidestroke, for instance, which come more or less naturally. On the other hand, you won't look very dashing anyway with six men trying to pump water out of you, especially if they're unsuccessful. It's worth considering.

Inner Tubes Are For Autos

If you have a screw loose, you'll come up with a dandy way of solving the whole business of buoyancy. You'll go swimming in an inner tube. You won't be alone. You'll be one of a small flotilla of people with their bottoms tucked luxuriously into one of these objects, thinking of poor old Gert or Harry back in the stockroom who doesn't get holidays for a month yet. You'll wave your hands languidly in the water, like little propellers, and float out toward the horizon humming Aloha Oe. You might come back. Who knows? Certainly not you.

Tire manufacturers have done a miraculous job of developing inner tubes that won't blow out or break down after thousands of miles of terrific pounding on highways. They still haven't been able to figure out how to make them safe for people who

HOW TO KILL YOURSELF THIS SUMMER

Why is it that ordinary intelligent people who carefully wear their rubbers all winter begin flirting with death as soon as the holidays begin?

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOS BY PANDA

sit in them. Lifeguards loathe the sight of these things, along with that of gaily colored rubber ducks, porpoises, seals, balls, airplanes, frogs, rubber mattresses, rubber dinghies, rafts and water wings. There are so many new specimens out each summer that lifeguards lose track of the latest fad and just concentrate on looking for strange objects floating off with strange people.

A lifeguard at an Ontario beach last year sat on a dock on a beautiful calm summer day watching a girl float with her arm hooked through an inner tube. She looked calm, confident and relaxed. A couple of boy friends called that they were going to take her picture. She smiled and waved. They clicked their cameras. She let go and disappeared. The guard discovered later, after he'd got enough air into her that she could talk again, that she couldn't even tread water. She'd floated out from shore.

The danger of these things, of course, is that they don't teach anyone to float, dive, swim, dog-paddle or even use their heads. They behave a bit like boats, but they aren't boats. They have an insidious way of drifting serenely out to parts unknown and are practically uncontrollable.

Another thing about rubber ducks, geese, balls *et al.* is that they confuse otherwise unconfused people. A few years ago a man who had at one time been a good enough swimmer to enter the Canadian National Exhibition marathon jumped in the water to retrieve his son's beach ball, which had blown off a dock. He reached it and started to bring it back, punching it along ahead of him. Pretty soon, he was so exhausted that for the first time in his life he was seriously worried about drowning. He hadn't been in training for years, but the point is, it took a run-away beach ball to make him forget it. Inner tubes and other blow-up gadgets, of course, are the slickest way of drowning your children too, because children are even less conscious of the danger than you are, if possible.

There are several ways of drowning yourself, and you probably won't miss any, including horsing around in big waves when you're not used to them. Chances are you'll be too busy shouting and squealing ecstatically to remember your old high-school physics book, which states such simple propositions as the one about water seeking its own

level. So you won't be aware that all that water being shoved up the slope of the beach has to come down again, and that it will travel out beneath the incoming waves. You won't be aware of it, that is, unless you happen to get batted off your feet by a big one and temporarily or permanently forget which way is up, down, out or in. In the meantime, you'll be carried out farther by the outgoing water, called an undertow. But then it will probably be too late to remember high-school lessons, or anything else.

You'll likely be one of the thousands of holidaymakers this summer who will take to canoes, rowboats, motorboats, punts, skiffs and dinghies to fish, row, paddle, sail, motor and/or make love. If you get caught in a storm you'll say, "Let's get out of this!" and head for shore. You'll race the waves, but not for long, because you'll toboggan down the slope of one, hit the bottom of the trough and, with the full weight of the wave shoving from behind, your bow will dig in like a plow. In the language of boatmen, you'll "sheer off." You'll turn sideways to the incoming seas. The wave will do the rest. You won't live to tell anyone what happened.

A Hurricane on a Postcard

You probably couldn't care less about the conduct of those dull plodding characters who live at summer resorts all year round, chew tobacco, dress unbecomingly in blue overalls and sun-battered felt hats and peer at the summer visitors as if wondering what in tarnation they'll try next. It's worth noting, however, that they are alive.

One reason is that if they happen to be caught in a storm they don't worry about getting to shore at all. They turn the bow into the storm, concentrating on keeping the boat nice and steady and right-side up, and, if necessary, let the storm take them away from home. They know that the worst that can happen is that they'll have to bum a ride back around the lake.

The way you'll probably get caught in rough water, by the way, is to go boating when the water is as calm as a summer postcard and just as pretty. Having been no closer to water for a year than the office cooler you won't know that your shore often is calm because it's sheltered by a windbreak of

trees. High overhead, an offshore breeze will be droning out to sea. A little farther out, it will be coming down to your level again. If you care to notice you'll see distant whitecaps out there where the waves are forming and piling up. On the opposite shore where they come crashing in full grown it won't be like a postcard at all. But you'll have a good chance of seeing it for yourself, because you'll go out in your calm water until you're caught by the first fresh breeze that will carry you out to where it gets fresher and fresher. By this time you'll decide to get back to your shore. But it won't be easy, if possible at all, with your knowledge of boats. If you're like most holidaymakers, you won't know a freeboard from a sandwich spread.

This is a particularly good way of killing yourself if you happen to choose a canoe, because you'll sit picturesquely far back in the stern, slicing through the surface like old Minnehaha on a love call, with the bow lifted clear out of the water. Until you hit the wind. Then the bow will whip around like a barn door, no matter what you do, and you'll be doing all the wrong things. You'll stay on your knee, or sitting on a thwart, instead of sitting down on the bottom of the canoe. You'll stay in the stern instead of getting a hand on each gunwale and gingerly easing yourself up to the middle, which would bring the bow down and give you half a chance. You won't think of getting a line onto a tin can or something and tossing it overboard to act as a sea anchor. Furthermore you probably won't have one along. In fact, if you'd been thinking, you would have had a weight in the boat to give the canoe some grip in the water.

When you start to go over, you won't slap your paddle flat on the water and throw your weight the opposite way. You'll in all probability do just the opposite, swinging your paddle up over your head and throwing more weight off balance. When you dump, you'll keep right on doing the wrong things. You won't be content to hold onto a paddle or the canoe and just keep your nose up, satisfied that a breath of air will hold up the human body. You'll want to climb right out of the water, and almost nobody can climb back into an upset canoe. Or you'll try to swim to shore instead of sticking with the boat. A lot of good swimmers drown this way.

If you're really wacky you'll have the boat loaded down with summer guests, including children. Anyone who has lived at a summer resort for any length of time is accustomed to the sight of whole families of aunts, uncles, nephews and nieces gliding across the water with so little of the boat showing that they look as if they're riding on top of a submarine. This is one of the best ways not only of killing yourself, but all your family and relatives. The slightest wave, breeze or wash from a power boat will swamp you, and there'll be too many people to get them out of the water. This is so obviously the trick of a nitwit, however, that even you mightn't do it. What you'll probably do is load a boat by weight instead of by people. You'll figure, for instance, that your two kids don't weigh as much as one adult, so you'll have plenty of freeboard.

If you're lucky enough to have a lifeguard see you he'll change your method of figuring very neatly. He'll say, "If the boat dumps, can you handle yourself well enough in water to save both children?" Almost always, when an adult tries to save two children, one child drowns. If you're like most people you'll change your mind and leave one youngster on shore to take the next turn. That's if you're lucky enough to have a lifeguard around to smarten you up.

You won't impress your girl friend or anyone else by taking common-sense precautions about water and by doing what professional lifesavers tell you to do. Human nature is inclined to favor the sporting type. On the other hand, you won't impress anybody much when you're drowning.

One veteran waterman who has been fishing people out of the water dead and alive for thirty-five years told me of a young man who saw his girl in difficulties and swam back to rescue her. He'd never performed a rescue before. He didn't realize quite what it was like. When he did, and found himself going down with

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Inner tubes aren't boats and often drift slowly over the horizon. Any minute now the beach belle (right) will discover she is well beyond her depth and start yelling her pretty head off for a lifeguard.

Do you get a big bang out of your present cigarettes? If not, try the kind you smoke while leaning over an outboard pouring gas into the tank. Filling a running motor gives equally spectacular results.



Canoes are one of the greatest vacation hazards. So many people think they can sit far astern, let the bow ride high, and then try to buck a wind with a beginner's wobbly side-to-side paddle stroke.

Look at that flat-soled moccasin on this once-a-year horsewoman. Here's what may happen: Nag shies, rider falls with leg through the stirrup with dire effects upon the brain she wasn't using anyway.

When Albani was Queen of Song

She was the greatest prima donna of her age,
this Canadian girl who made Home Sweet Home a household word.

She took tea with queens,
and princes flung jewels at her feet.

But because her life was blameless
her fame faded when her golden voice failed

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

I see it de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu ronnin' near,
Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon de spring,
Dat's just on de way I was feel, me, w'en Madam All-ba-nee is sing!

WHEN WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND described the feeling of a simple *habitant* he spoke for hundreds of thousands of rapt listeners all around the world. For emperors and commoners thronged to hear Emma Albani, the stately, handsomely gowned prima donna from Chambly, Que.

To hear Albani sing, Queen Victoria broke the vow she made at the Prince Consort's death never to attend a public performance; President Maréchal de MacMahon of France at a concert in Paris, surrounded by remnants of the old nobility, presented Albani with Sèvres biscuit porcelain as a souvenir. The composers Gounod and Liszt, Brahms and Sir Arthur Sullivan became her friends. Dvorak wrote his *Stabat Mater* for her. At Venice her gondola glided over a carpet of floating flowers. At Malta the Royal Navy formed a double line through which her steamer sailed into the Mediterranean while every sailor cheered. In Dublin students dragged her carriage from the theatre to her hotel and a crowd of more than six thousand refused to disperse until she sang *Home Sweet Home*. When the Canadienne sang *Elsa in Lohengrin* before the German Emperor, William I, the Berlin *Zeitung* reported it "an event musically never to be forgotten." And at the New York World's 1889 Christmas party for newsboys one undernourished little lad pushed aside his untouched plate of meat pie and vegetables. "I can't eat," he muttered, listening spellbound to the singer.

Her honors included orders of merit from King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, the King of Denmark and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; the German Emperor's jubilee medal, and Queen Victoria's victory decoration. King George V made her a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. The London Philharmonic presented her with the coveted Beethoven Gold Medal.

Albani sang the ode Tennyson wrote for the great Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. She was chief soloist at the Jubilee next

year. At Queen Victoria's funeral she sang beside the royal bier. Hers was the "voice of Empire" singing God Save the King at the coronation of Edward VII.

From 1870 when she made her debut at Messina until she sang her last concert in 1909, music critics of the world's great newspapers devoted columns to her costumes, her gestures and her flawless, florid singing. Probably her greatest triumph was in the Handel Festival of 1877. For the *Messiah*, twenty-two thousand people jammed London's Crystal Palace. A chorus of five thousand was grouped in tiers of seats above the three-hundred-piece orchestra. And on a carpeted dais, flanked with palms and ferns and gleaming white marble statuary Albani sang, herself a full-bodied, living Victorian statue in modish white gown and hat. The softest notes of *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth* reached the most distant person in the audience. Years later Percy Dunn Aldrich, the music critic, recalled that occasion in *Etude* magazine: "I shall never forget the marvellous beauty and carrying power of her head notes over the chorus."

Albani was certainly one of the most traveled Canadians of her day. The capitals of Europe became an annual circuit for her, and between 1883 and 1903 she took off periodically on tours which included Canada, the United States, Mexico, India, Africa, New Zealand, Australia and practically every other country in the British Empire. There was something of heroism in these long voyages, because Albani was a poor sailor. On one fourteen-day Atlantic crossing, she later admitted, she was "entirely *hors de combat*, unable to eat anything whatever, and only able to be carried up on deck the last two days."

For forty years her name was a household word in five continents. But now, forty years after Marie Louise Emma Cécile Lajeunesse St. Louis Gye Albani made her last public appearance, few remember her.

There's a memorial tablet in the village where she was born near the ruins of Chambly fort twelve miles east of Montreal. There's a marble bust in Quebec Museum. All that survives of her music are nine recordings she made in London between 1904 and 1905. Today they are collectors' items, seldom heard outside Europe.

Albani attributed her success largely *Continued on page 24*



Madame Emma Albani in her happiest week: She became Mrs. Ernest Gye and starred in the great English music festival of 1878.



How Leo Lures



the Yanks

Daniel Leo Dolan, the Barnum of the tourist business, has dedicated himself to making Canada a land fit for Americans to live in. And right now he's praying we'll all be nice to his five million cash customers

By FRANK CROFT

MORE THAN five million American tourists are about to enter Canada. The tide will flow steadily northward during July and August, flood our highways, summer camps, hotels and shops, then quickly ebb during the last week in August leaving on the Canadian strand a glittering array of about two hundred and seventy-five million dollars.

This, the greatest seasonal human migration on earth, is accepted by Canadians something like daylight-saving time—as a boon and a blessing by many, as a matter of complete indifference by most and as a source of irritation by some.

D. Leo Dolan, the man who is responsible for a good part of it all, is regarded in much the same way. As chief of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, a branch of the Department of Resources and Development, he has for nineteen years tried to make Canada a land fit for Americans to live in, if only for a couple of weeks.

One of his suggestions for making Canada a greater tourist lure is that we should put pensioned RCMP constables back in uniform for the holiday season, scatter them about the country, and get those with good baritone voices to sing snatches from *Rose Marie* like so many Nelson Eddys. Dolan has also asked that the golf courses in our national parks be shortened and smoothed out so that American duffers would be able to take low score cards home for a winter of fireside boasting. He has suggested that Labor Day be put back to the third Monday in September, thus lengthening the holiday period by a couple of weeks. Labor unions on both sides of the border took a dim view of that one.

Anything that says Canada is Leo's meat. He presented New Brunswick cubs to Cincinnati.

Just how serious Dolan is about these schemes, even his best friends aren't sure. "Why should golfers who will never become experts knock themselves out on tournament courses?" he asks. "Think how they would flock here if Canada gave them a chance to get into the 90s or even 80s!" As for the other plans, Dolan says, "Well, they were suggestions, that's all. Remember, I'm a publicist in the travel business."

Tom McCall, former deputy minister of travel and publicity for the Ontario government, goes a step further and calls Dolan the Marco Polo of modern travel, and the late Mayor Gerry McGeer of Vancouver described him as the greatest publicity getter since Barnum. Walter S. Thompson, former director of public relations for the CNR, says, "Dolan has covered more miles, spoken to more audiences, met more people and is probably more of an international citizen than any resident of either Canada or the United States, save it be an Indian." Mayor Camillien Houde of Montreal calls him "the best Canadian public speaker in the English language," and Alejandro Buelna, of Mexico's National Tourist Commission, calls him "the foremost travel promoter of the western hemisphere."

The subject of these superlatives is a fifty-eight-year-old man of medium height, dark-complexioned and with a slightly flattened nose. That feature, plus square shoulders and a quick shuffling movement, gives the impression that he is a former welterweight boxer who has quit the ring with all his wits. Yet boxing is one of the few sports he has never tried. He was a star football player in his native Fredericton, captain of his school hockey

team and a baseball player of some local standing. In recent years he has become a better-than-average golfer (on regulation courses) and he likes to fish and swim a bit.

For a man who spends his time telling people where to go for their holidays Dolan is an erratic holidayman himself. He has no summer cottage or fixed retreat. Since 1930 he has split his vacationing between the more remote resorts of Maine and the Canadian Maritimes. This summer he intends to try the fishing at one of the Great Lakes camps. He keeps his hideaways secret for fear he will be asked to speak to local groups.

Dolan has always kept a sensitive ear open for the beefs of Americans who have not found Canada exactly to their liking. His staff of eighty-three handles around two hundred and seventy-five thousand letters a year. Most of the early complaints he met when he first went to Ottawa in 1934 were about food and roads, in that order. So Dolan packed up and took to the road in search of the right people to whom he could say the right things. "You overcook red meats and undercook the other kinds," he told a meeting of hotelmen in 1936. "You boil vegetables to a tasteless pulp and your coffee is weak and tepid."

Many Canadians have resented such criticism, but most have tried to reform. Dolan's proof is a sizeable stack of letters from Canadians—commercial travelers and others who live at the mercy of the hotel and restaurant operator—urging him to keep up the good work. In 1951 he told the Canadian Restaurant Association, "You have made great improvements, but you have quite a way to go yet."

For nearly twenty years he has been needling provincial highway officials to expand their roads systems and build wider and better highways.

Dolan has several minor gripes as well. He thinks merchants should stop flying the American flag. "It's an erroneous idea of hospitality," he says. "It is a cheap attempt to lure the American buck. Don't try to make the Americans feel at home. If they wanted to feel at home they would stay there." To restaurateurs he pleads, "Get those Idaho potatoes, Cape Cod oysters and Oregon apples off the menus. Away with chicken à la Maryland. Serve Belleville cheese, Kitchener pig tails, Laurentian trout and Annapolis and Okanagan apples. Stop being a carbon copy of the U. S. A."

Dolan can be just as forthright to an American audience when the need arises. In 1947 Canada's shortage of U. S. funds put a crimp in Canadians' visits to the U. S. and a group of Maine hotelmen tried to start a retaliatory campaign to persuade Americans from going to Canada. Dolan put on the war paint and entered the enemy's camp. "You New Englanders pride yourselves on being fair and having hard common sense," he told a Boston audience. "I'll give you the facts about Canadian travel restrictions, then you will have chance to exercise those qualities." He explained that the restrictions would not last long and, once lifted, would result in a grand rush of Canadians to their favorite haunts along the New England coast again.

Last year Dolan's prediction came true with a vengeance. For the first time in history Canadian tourists spent more in the U. S. than American tourists spent here—\$294,000,000 to \$258,000,000. Confronted with these figures Dolan will tremble slightly, but he quickly recovers.

"Those figures don't tell the real story," he claims. "American spending in Canada is nearly all for recreation. Oh, they take back some crockery, maybe, or some British woolens, but most of it is for services. It's gravy. Apart from winter travelers, a lot of Canadian spending in the United States has been by the in-and-outer who spends ten dollars for accommodation and a hundred dollars for lingerie, cameras and electrical goods."

Some of the enquiries reaching Dolan's office require the tact of a diplomat. Four girls from Boston asked him last year to have four Mounties ready for them when they arrived at Antigonish, "so there'll be one for each of us." A Delaware man asked to have a full-blooded Indian girl picked out for him when he arrived, and a man from Michigan asked that Dolan arrange to have him summonsed



Ex-Maritimers Louis B. Mayer (behind fish) and Leo Dolan (directly under calendar) were honored with the freedom of Fredericton in 1939. Mayer also received an honorary LLD.

by the "Canada Federal Police" on any charge at all so that he could get away for a holiday. An Ohio man two years ago wrote: "Keep your damned fish, we're through . . ." This was followed by a bitter denunciation of the criticism he had heard from Canadians of MacArthur's conduct of the Korean war. "That, of course, had nothing to do with accommodations or roads," Dolan hastily points out.

Most beefs these days are about liquor regulations. "I could buy an oil well anywhere in the United States with less red tape than I went through to buy a bottle of rye in Toronto," a Chicagoan wrote last year. "What's more," he added, "the oil well wouldn't have cost much more than the rye." A letter in the Cleveland Plain Dealer two years ago warned all Americans to take a full supply of cigarettes to Canada. "The cigs up there cost three times as much as ours and have all the bite of good corn silk," the writer grumbled; then generously added, "but the scenery is good, the towns are clean and your view of the countryside isn't blocked off by billboards as it often is in our country." Horace Sutton, a contributing editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, says in a recently published book on Canada that Canadian cities on Sundays "show no more signs of life than a week-old cadaver." "He couldn't have got as far as Montreal," Dolan comments.

Soft Answers Turn Away Wrath

Canada's higher prices come in for almost as much comment as the food and roads used to. Gasoline prices, especially, provoke some bitter remarks, although a few will acknowledge that the Canadian gallon is larger than the U. S. gallon.

Americans who go to the trouble of lodging complaints frequently have suggestions for improvement. They usually fall into one of two categories: 1, "We ought to take your country over and run it properly." 2, "As long as you are ruled by England

you will pay high prices in order to keep the English royal family in luxury." While most Canadians would feel that such solutions discount the critical value of the complaints rather heavily, Dolan's staff sends polite and temperate replies to as many as they can.

Some complaints cause more amusement than consternation among travel officials. When Canadian city police gradually abandoned the "bobby" type helmet about twenty years ago pleas were heard from Americans to restore the traditional British helmet. "I crossed the border one Sunday just to show my children what a policeman looks like," a Niagara Falls, N.Y., man wrote. "Now they aren't policemen any more—they're just cops!" There are still a few suggestions each year from disappointed Americans that our police be given back their helmets.

Recently the difference in exchange between the Canadian and U. S. dollars has been the cause of considerable grousing. Americans' pride in the worth of their dollar has been dealt a blow during the past two years and many visitors have been unable to roll with the punch. In Alberta a tourist turned back after his first encounter with the monetary problem, announcing he would stay out of Canada until the U. S. dollar was back at par. Some visitors insist on having their money received at par, and many of them get it. There are a few who demand the old ten-percent premium. But individual surveys made by the provincial tourist bureaus revealed that money exchange did not cause as much friction as was at first feared. The Ontario bureau reported that much of the hostility sprang from a gloating attitude by Canadians more than from the facts of the situation itself. With the Canadian dollar this year being less robust, no trouble at all is expected.

Dolan, who is a second-generation Canadian of Irish stock, showed early signs of a rare selling ability. When still a schoolboy he sold the Fredericton Gleaner on his

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Dolan (left), at N.Y. Sportsmen's Show, 1934, showed off Doris Sexton, a Maritimes dancer, the Hon. A. S. MacMillan, and a live Mountie.



In 1950 U.S. and Canadian associates gave Dolan a testimonial dinner in Toronto. Sam Wallace, Chicago, presents a gift of bonds.

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY

CLYDE GILMOUR



Take Me To Town: Ann Sheridan, an ex-bad girl.

COUNT THE HOURS: Muddled and implausible, and with brevity as its one virtue, this is a detection melodrama about a lawyer (Macdonald Carey) who helps a poor fruit-picker escape a phony murder rap because the fellow's wife (Teresa Wright) is pretty.

THE GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND: A fatuous but harmless tropical comedy-romance, aimed at the "family trade" in audiences. Three pretty English girls, living with their wifeless father on a South Pacific eden, are invaded by fifteen hundred of Uncle Sam's wholesome boyish Marines.

HENRY V: Don't miss the current reissue of this magnificent and exciting Shakespearean film, produced eight years ago by Laurence Olivier. Like a cobwebbed bottle of the finest old wine, it has been improved rather than spoiled by time.

LILI: Coming from a studio (M-G-M) more renowned for expensive spectacles than for slender semi-fantasies, this is an astonishingly fragile and lovely film and is hereby highly recommended. It's about a charming but nonglamorous French orphan (Leslie Caron) who gently learns the facts of life and love from puppeteer Mel Ferrer and magician Jean Pierre Aumont in a traveling carnival.

MAN IN THE DARK: You have to wear special 3-D goggles to make visual sense out of this hackneyed crime melodrama. "Cured" by brain surgery, ex-criminal Edmond O'Brien is on the run — with Audrey Totter, his ex-moll — from both the law and the lawless.

TAKE ME TO TOWN: Vermilion O'Toole, a reformed bad-girl (Ann Sheridan), teams up with a two-fisted preacher (Sterling Hayden) and his three small shaggy sons in this mildly diverting Old West comedy.

24 HOURS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE: Is there really such a thing as love at first sight? The question is argued interminably (and inconclusively) during the slow narration of a Mediterranean romance between a naive widow (Merle Oberon) and a suicidal gambler (Richard Todd).

YOUNG BESS: Jean Simmons as England's first Elizabeth, Stewart Granger as the dashing admiral she girlishly adored, Charles Laughton in a brief repeat of his 1933 impersonation of Henry VIII . . . all at their best in a handsome Technicolor slice of semi-history. An enjoyable item.

Gilmour Rates

Anna: Italian melodrama. Fair.
Blue Gardenia: Mystery drama. Fair.
Bwana Devil: 3-D jungle drama. Poor.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Confidentially Connie: Comedy. Good.
Desert Legion: Adventure. Fair.
Desert Rats: War drama. Good.
Destination Gobi: War yarn. Fair.
Farmer Takes a Wife: Betty Grable in costume musical. Fair.
The Girl Who Had Everything: Crime and romance. Fair.
The Hitchhiker: Suspense. Excellent.
House of Wax: Horror in 3-D. Fair.
I Confess: Suspense drama. Good.
I Love Melvin: Musical. Fair.
Invasion, 1953: Drama. Fair.
Jeopardy: Suspense drama. Good.
The Lone Hand: Western. Fair.
Long Memory: British drama. Fair.
Magnetic Monster: Suspense. Fair.

Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
The Net: Aviation drama. Good.
No Time for Flowers: Comedy. Fair.
Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.
The Passionate Sentry: Comedy. Fair.
Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Pickup on South Street: Drama. Good.
Pony Express: Western. Fair.
The President's Lady: U. S. historical drama. Good.
Salome: Sex-and-religion. Fair.
Scared Stiff: Martin & Lewis. Fair.
Split Second: Suspense. Good.
The Star: Movieland drama. Good.
The Stars Are Singing: Musical. Good.
Titanic: Drama at sea. Fair.
Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.
Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.
Trouble Along the Way: Comedy. Good.
The War of the Worlds: Science-fiction thriller. Tops.

When Albani Was Queen of Song

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to the arduous training she received from her father, Joseph Lajeunesse, a descendant of Etienne Charles St. Louis, whose nickname *la jeune* — the youngster — had become the family surname. Etienne had come to Canada with the Carignan Regiment in the seventeenth century, and stayed to teach music. As a toddler Emma received music lessons from her mother and at five her father took over. She never had a doll, but every day she practiced music at least four hours. Soon she could play the harp and piano and read at sight the works of old as well as contemporary composers.

She recalled that rigorous training in her memoir, *Forty Years of Song*. "Morning, noon and night my father impressed on me the value of practicing slowly, always slowly if I wished to derive true benefit. He never allowed me to strike a note that I had not seen clearly in the book."

Emma was eight when her mother died and she was sent to the convent at nearby Sault au Recollet. There, still under her father's exacting tuition, she soon passed all the musical examinations. Emma wasn't a beautiful child and, although she sang or played the piano at the school festivals, it was always other little girls with long shining hair who wore the lovely white dresses as angels in the sacred tableaux. She finally begged to play the puck-like little devil in a tableau based on a picture of St. Anthony's Temptation. Her face blackened, wearing horns and a tail, she gave a harrowing exhibition of loneliness and frustration and had to be carried off to bed crying hysterically. After that she told her mother superior, Mme Tricano, that she wanted to become a nun. The nun recognized the child's heartache as well as her musical and histrionic ability.

"God has given you your beautiful voice," she said kindly. "It is clearly your duty to use it. Go out into the world and see what you can do. If you want to come back at the end of a couple of years I will thankfully take you in."

Emma took her first step into the world when she and her father gave a series of concerts throughout Quebec, followed by a benefit concert in Montreal's Mechanic's Hall which her father hoped would help finance her musical education. But newspaper reports of the concert were only lukewarm; no great financial aid was forthcoming. Disappointed, Lajeunesse moved his family to Albany, N.Y. There Emma, aged fifteen, became soprano soloist and organist at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. Now her voice began to draw crowds. Two concerts brought eighteen hundred dollars; church friends added three hundred dollars to the family savings, and Emma departed to study in Europe.

She had been recommended to the Baroness Jacques de Lafitte in Paris, and in her home Emma promptly took ill with typhoid. Mme de Lafitte nursed her back to health, then taught her how to stand when singing, how to hold her hands. She gave Emma advice on dress and style, using as examples the beautifully gowned chic women who came to her salons.

Emma sang at one of these salons. Among the guests were a noted impresario, Maurice Strakosch, Adelina Patti's brother-in-law, and Prince Poniatowski, Rossini's pupil. Fortunately Emma didn't realize who they were, for she was still painfully nervous.

She sang so well that the prince persuaded M. Duprez, the best music teacher in Paris, to train her. When he first heard Emma Duprez exclaimed: "It's a glorious voice, clear as a flute." For six months she studied under him, and when she had mastered all Duprez could teach her Prince Poniatowski recommended her to the greatest teacher of the time, the maestro of Italian opera, Lamperti, of Milan.

Lamperti soon singled Emma out from the wealthy would-be singers who thronged his studio. More than once he brushed aside young socialites — "she can only sing like a countess," he would say with a shrug — and turned to the Canadian girl.

Emma found Lamperti an even harder taskmaster than her father or Duprez. Now she had to spend long hours practicing voice production, phrasing, shades of tone. When she could afford no more lessons Lamperti suggested she accept an engagement at Messina, but warned her that the audience would be the most critical she would ever encounter. He chose for her debut the operatic role he considered most difficult, Bellini's *La Sonnambula*. "Once you can sing *La Sonnambula*," he said, "you can sing any opera."

But first Emma had to have a stage name. Her elocution teacher suggested Albani, the name of an old Italian family. "Didn't you know that I once lived in Albany, New York?" exclaimed Emma, happy over the choice. Now professionally *Mme Albani*, and chaperoned as all young ladies of her time had to be, she went to Messina, where she found the *Gazetta di Messina* asking editorially, "Who is this young creature from beyond the Atlantic?"

Ankle Deep in Flowers

Her debut was the moment toward which she and her father had worked since she was a baby. Even after Paris the great classical theatre was an awesome sight to the girl; the strange audience was a challenge after the friendly listeners of Chambly and Albany. Then suddenly Emma forgot everything but her role. She sang with all her years of training, her lovely voice, and her heart.

At the end of the performance the Italian audience rose and cheered. They called her back a dozen times. They tossed flowers onto the stage till she stood ankle deep in a fragrant carpet. And the eighteen-year-old soprano burst into tears.

When she sang in Verdi's *Rigoletto* later in the week her fame had spread and there was an even larger audience. There were tears again, but for a quite unemotional reason this time. Among the flowers on the stage were quantities of tuberoses. Emma felt her throat tighten. Her eyes ached. By the time she came to *Caro Nome* tears coursed down her face. She had, it turned out, an acute allergy to tuberoses. Following medical treatment she completed her role and had the joy of reading in next day's paper that her voice was a "crystal flute that projects itself with confidence up to C and D and rests there with complete ease." After that Emma carefully avoided strong-smelling flowers.

At that time singers' small salaries were augmented by benefit nights; Emma received only five hundred francs, or one hundred dollars, a month at Messina. When she sang at the opening of the new opera house at Aci Reale, Bellini's birthplace, she was showered with bouquets and poems and gifts of wine, poultry, fruit and delicious little cakes. "There was enough to feed a regiment," she recalled later, "and a very great deal more than it was."

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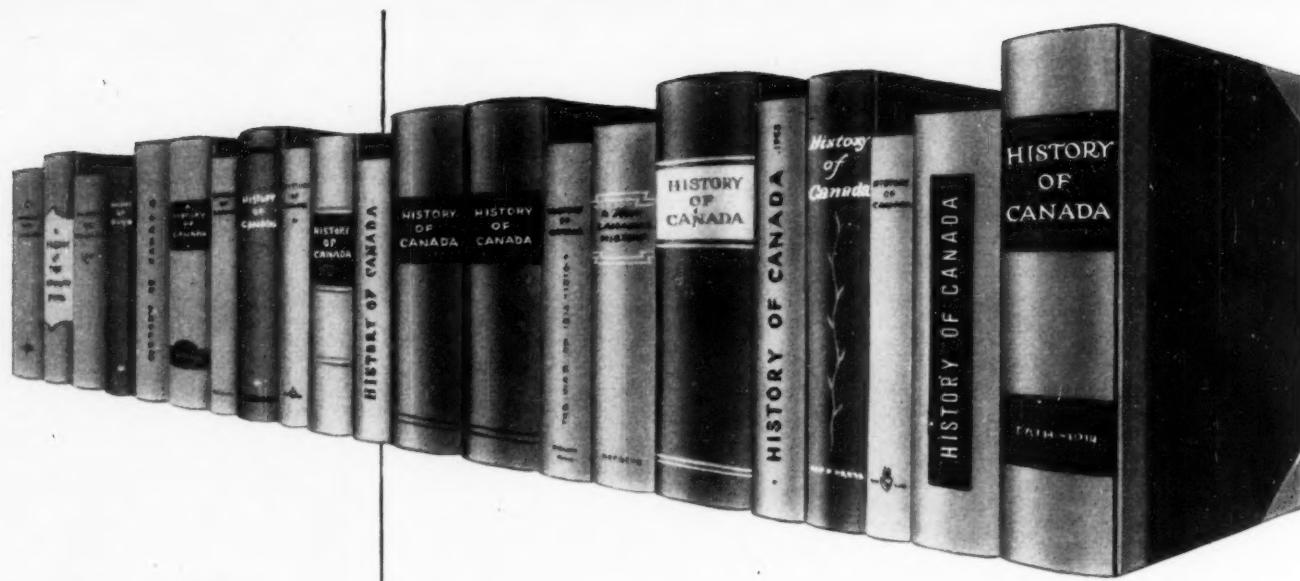
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casting Corporation, the flying fields of the Trans-Canada Airways, the Bank of Canada, and the public ownership of hydro.

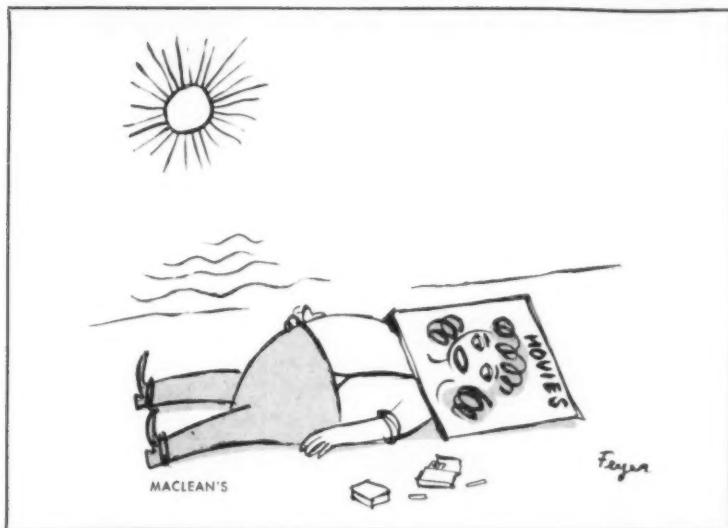
Now comes a time of crisis in our public life. Too long hold on office has brought to the present Government a lust for power, arrogance and complacency, aloofness from the common man, contempt for the people's representatives in Parliament, carelessness and inefficiency in the handling of public monies, a callous disregard for burdens placed upon our people, and especially upon our workers, by taxes resulting largely from extravagance and waste.

The Progressive Conservative Party, challenged by such evil, reaffirms its old beliefs in the trust and integrity of office; re-states its determination to restore efficiency and honesty to the public service; pledges itself to restore the supremacy of Parliament and to reduce those unnecessary taxes which mean, for so many, want and distress amid plenty.

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In conviction that our duty is clear and urgent at this hour, we ask your support and counsel in the task that lies ahead.

the Progressive Conservative party of Canada



advisable for a prima donna to eat."

Emma's next engagement was in Malta. There homesick British sailors clamored for Home Sweet Home as an encore, and Albani learned it. Thereafter it became her theme song. The hundreds of concerts she was to sing invariably ended with Home Sweet Home. At the end of her Malta stay the fleet lined up in salute.

Albani's success at Malta led to an engagement with Frederick Gye to sing opera at Covent Garden. Gye was then London's leading impresario. Emma was to sing with Adelina Patti, ten years her senior and the greatest soprano of the day. She faced the new challenges — Patti and London's critical audiences — by going to Paris for further study.

Emma reached the English mecca of prima donnas, Covent Garden, in April 1872. She had overcome much of her nervousness. Now she knew she could sing. She knew how to make an entrance. Indeed audiences were already commenting on the way she swept onto the stage, swirled her long skirts about her graceful ankles and then, half turning, faced her audience.

At the end of her Covent Garden debut she was bowing to the surging applause when an eager admirer tossed her a jewel case attached to a bouquet. It struck the singer's temple and she staggered off the stage holding her head. She quickly recovered when she discovered that the case contained a beautiful diadem set with brilliants.

The diadem was the forerunner of a shower of valuable gifts received during the next two decades in Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Milan, London, Vienna and New York. They included a diamond coronet and a bracelet set with five emeralds, a diamond cross from the Czar of Russia and one set with pearls from Queen Victoria.

Success didn't divert Albani from continued study, however. She went to Paris to study the Redemption and Mors et Vita with Charles Gounod. She sang the entire Redemption role for the bald square-bearded Gounod. And then together they worked for days. Gounod had not marked the high C at the end of From Thy Love as a Father so Albani sang it *piano*. The composer was delighted. "I intended it to be sung *forte*," he said. "I like your way better." Her performance at Birmingham won for her the title of Queen of English Festivals.

But the great test of a late nineteenth-century singer was an invitation from Russia. Albani, still only a few years from Emma Lajeunesse, of Chambly, already had a repertoire in French and English, Italian and German. Now she must learn her roles in

Russian. She did it so well that each of her nine operas in Moscow was a greater success than the previous one. On the last night she took twenty-five curtain calls and received from Prince Dolgorouky, governor of the royal theatre, a magnificent jeweled butterfly with a large emerald body.

Her great moment came, though, in St. Petersburg. The opera house was filled with men in handsome uniforms and ladies of the court in gorgeous gowns, ablaze with jewels. Albani sang Rigoletto and at the final curtain Czar Alexander II came on the stage to compliment her. It was her first contact with royalty and she managed her curtsey gracefully. Later he sent her a diamond cross as a souvenir.

As a result of the Russian tour, Frederick Gye raised her salary to eighty thousand francs, approximately sixteen thousand dollars, for the season. This enabled Emma to put her brother through seminary in Quebec and to buy a fine house for her father. M. Lajeunesse promptly reclaimed the original family name and became M. St. Louis.

After Russia the world was at her feet. Queen Victoria, who had vowed never to attend a public performance of opera after her husband's death, commanded private performances at Windsor and Balmoral, and listened by the hour while Albani sang the works Prince Albert had loved — Mendelssohn's oratorios, simple ballads, excerpts from Faust. A friendship developed between the two women and eventually Albani was able to persuade the Queen to attend a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's Golden Legend (written for Albani) at Leeds.

For several years the singer holidayed near Balmoral, and she and Victoria often exchanged visits. The Queen came to tea one day and asked Albani to sing. The prima donna sat down at the piano to accompany herself and suddenly rolled across the floor; one leg of the piano stool had broken. She quickly picked herself up and when Victoria had made sure she wasn't hurt both laughed heartily.

In Berlin Albani's success was earned by her voice, but her fame suffered nothing from a telegram sent by Queen Victoria to the Princess Frederick:

AM ANXIOUS TO RECOMMEND MADAME ALBANI TO YOU. SHE IS MY CANADIAN SUBJECT AN EXCELLENT PERSON KNOWN TO ME A SPLENDID ARTISTE AND I TAKE MUCH PLEASURE IN HER. VICTORIA.

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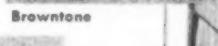
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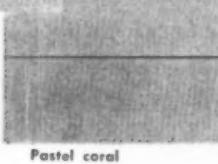


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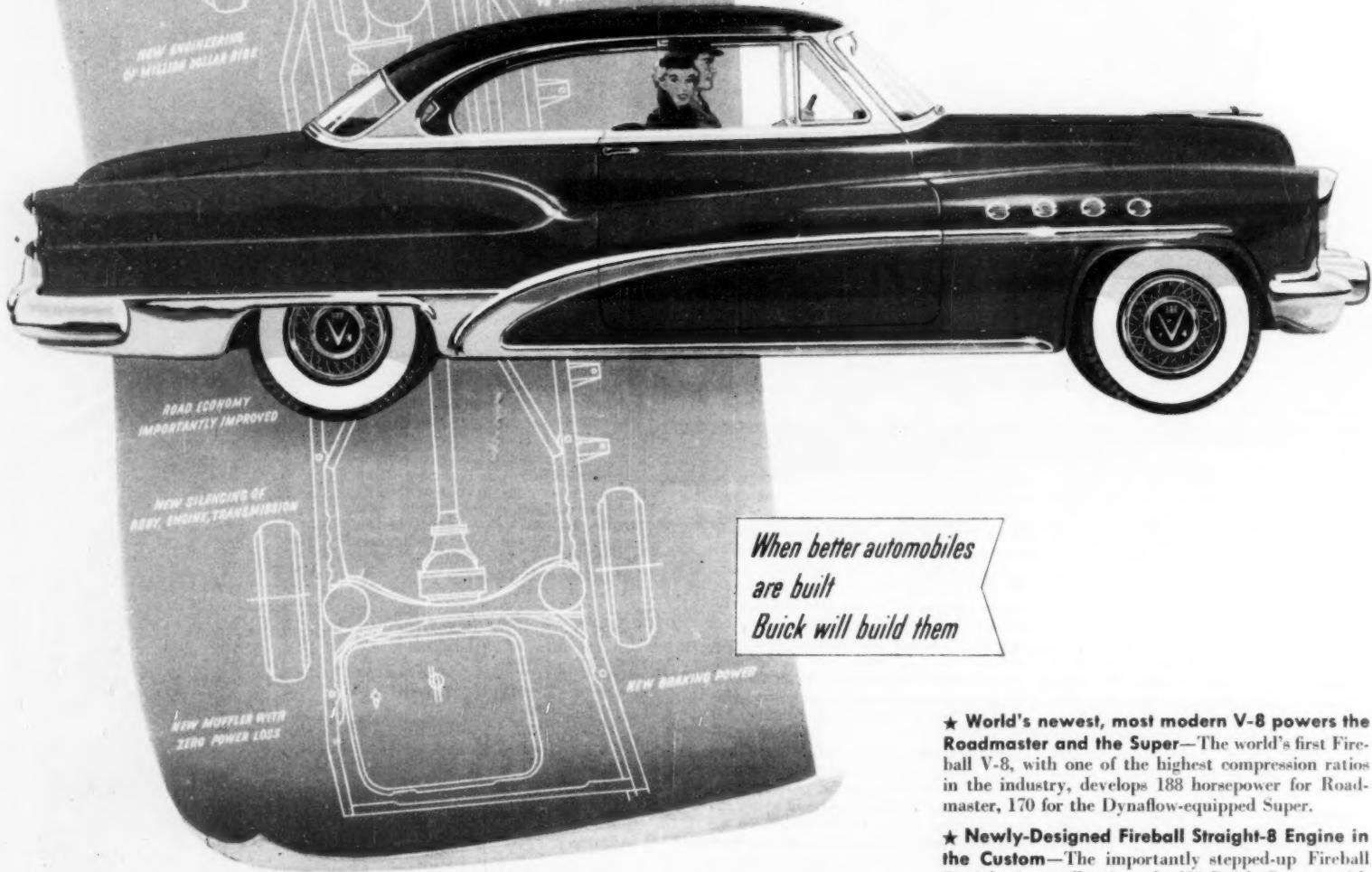
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By people refreshingly glad to have met us,
Who can't bear to leave us, who promptly
forget us.

IRENE WARSAW

and the Empress invited her to the palace. Accustomed to royalty by then Albani chatted with the Empress in the red drawing room. When the Emperor came in he presented Albani with his jubilee medal, and on parting they shook hands—"as though we were old friends," Albani recalled.

When she had made her first American tour, in 1874, Frederick Gye sent his son Ernest along as manager, and at once friends in Albany suspected a romance. They were right, but it was to be a long engagement. Albani and Gye were married in London four years later.

Albani's friends in Albany scarcely recognized the chic French-looking prima donna who swept on the stage, swirled her skirts about her ankles and then clasped her white-gloved hands, awaiting the orchestral cue. But when she sang they knew it was still the girl from Canada who had shown so much promise in the choir. Afterwards, in the crowd which pressed around her to congratulate her, was an elderly retired police sergeant.

"I want to thank you again for saving my New Year's party," he said. Then he reminded the puzzled *Madame Albani* of the time when, as Emma Lajeunesse, she lived in the same Albany boardinghouse as he did. He invited a number of thirsty fellow-policemen to a party, then broke the bad news: "I can't give you anything to drink; my wife doesn't approve of it—but I'll try to get Miss Lajeunesse to sing for you."

"You sang," the sergeant recalled, "and the boys didn't seem to miss the drinks."

Soon after Albani's marriage the elder Gye died and Ernest became her manager. There were the seeds of tragedy in this dual role, but for years Albani's happiness and success were unclouded. When their only child was born, Albani took six months off—the only break in her long career. The Gyes bought a home in London's fashionable Earl's Court, where the little boy grew up in luxury, surrounded by music. Sir Arthur Sullivan often called; and was known as Mr. Rabbit because of a fluffy white toy he brought one day when he came to rehearse with Albani.

Now at the height of her career, Albani was literally in world-wide demand. She toured Africa, Australia, New Zealand and India. In Africa she received an enormous uncut diamond

from the manager of Kimberley Mines. A band of Zulus danced in war regalia for the Gyes, then a glistening warrior in a grass G-string brought a kitchen chair from the manager's house, pointed at it and at Albani, and grunted: "Sing!" Poised on the chair Albani sang *Home Sweet Home*. Touring North America, she had to sing on an equally dubious stage in Mexico City. No stage was available for the smothering scene in *Othello*; Albani lay on a bed propped on the backs of four stage hands. "It was a very ridiculous position for a very dramatic situation," she said.

In 1883 Albani returned to Montreal for the first time since her unprofitable benefit concert. In the years between, when her success abroad had been mentioned in Canadian newspapers, Montreal's indifference to her first performance had been given as the reason for her delayed homecoming. Albani herself never admitted it. In fact, she attributed the failure of her "benefit" to noble if misguided motives on the part of her Canadian compatriots.

"The French Canadians had the old-world traditional misgivings of a public career," she explained in later years, "and especially a dislike for anyone belonging to them to go on the stage. Consequently all help, as they then honestly thought in my best interests, was withheld."

But now that Albani finally announced a Canadian tour, Canada made plans as though for royalty. At Toronto's Massey Hall nearly four thousand persons crowded to hear her evening performance, the largest audience, Toronto papers claimed, ever to gather for a musical event in Canada.

Montreal literally declared a holiday on Albani's home-coming to make up for earlier neglect. At Windsor Station she was met by a guard of honor of two hundred members of the Snow Shoe Club, who doubled as outdoor enthusiasts and "welcome to Montreal" boosters. Dressed in gay blanket-coats and setting off firecrackers, the snowshoers, preceded by the band of the 65th Regiment, escorted Albani to the swank Windsor Hotel. There the crowd was so vast that she had to be carried into the hotel over their heads.

At a civic reception Albani was seated in the mayor's chair. An official address of welcome was read, followed by the recitation of a hundred-line poem written in her honor by Louis Fréchette, the lawyer-politician-editor who was French Canada's unofficial poet laureate of the day . . .

Who was it dared tell us, O beloved songstress,
That . . . like a golden butterfly which
in splendid flight
Henceforth disdains its humble
chrysalis . . .
You could dream, in the moment
when fame
Had fixed its glittering star upon
your brow,
Of punishing your homeland for the
slights of yesteryear?

That evening the gallery and platform of Queen's Hall were crowded. Albani, in selecting her program, had



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given careful thought to what her own people would most enjoy. She sang operatic arias, and Angels Ever Bright And Fair as she had never sung before. For the last number before the inevitable final Home Sweet Home there could be only one choice: "Remembrance of Youth, a song I had sung that season at Covent Garden which ended with the words: 'Rendez-moi ma patrie ou laissez-moi mourir . . .'"

Thereafter Canada took its rightful place on Albani's crowded touring schedule. In 1889 she traveled from Halifax to Vancouver. Part of the

journey was made in Sir William Van Horne's private CPR car. In Ottawa Albani stayed at Earnscliffe, the home of Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald. One night Albani was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Sir John. In the middle of dinner Sir John was suddenly and mysteriously called out. Albani was intrigued, thinking she was a witness of some great crisis in Canada's history. But Lady Macdonald explained casually, "Oh, he had promised to make the first run on the city's new toboggan slide."

On her trip across the country Albani

noted, as other artists have since, some cultural drawbacks to Canada's vast distances. "In all the twenty-nine hundred miles from Montreal to Vancouver," she complained, "there were only three intervening towns sufficiently large to support a concert—Winnipeg, Brandon and Calgary." But she appreciated the fact that in Calgary cowboys rode a hundred miles to hear her, and in Winnipeg the archbishop himself preached the sermon the Sunday she sang *Ave Maria* in St. Boniface Cathedral.

In Calgary, however, "nothing like

limelight or electric light was available for the moonlight effect in the garden scene of *Faust*, and we had to fall back on a big lamp from a locomotive, loaned by the railway, which did duty for a moon."

Albani was to tour twice more in Canada, in 1897 and 1903. But even on her second-to-last visit there were indications that the "fine florid" voice had passed its peak. In Toronto the *Globe*'s music critic reported that "her trills in the Lucia number were anything but clear, and the high note at the end so fearfully flat as to be positively painful." The *Globe* also commented on her "pyrotechnic display," and her studied entrances. "One little run, drop the train, two little runs, a queenly bow to every corner of the house and the intervening spaces, and there you are"

spaces, and there you are . . .

Albani's career was all but over when she made her final farewell tour in Canada. Fame, success—and even security—were waning. Ernest Gye had had sole charge of her financial affairs since their marriage and for years he had been drinking more and more heavily. He made a series of bad investments and practically everything she had made during her long and brilliant career was lost. Before World War I they had to give up the house on Earl's Court Road and Albani was giving singing lessons.

But she was to have one final triumph. Eva Gauthier and Sarah Fischer were among her pupils and they and Dame Nellie Melba arranged a benefit concert in Covent Garden in 1925. The great prima donna returned to the scene of her proudest triumph as an object of charity. The British government warded off actual hardship with an annuity of five hundred pounds and King George V bestowed her final honor by making her a Dame of the Order of the British Empire. Her year of triumph brought grief too. Her husband died. Emma mourned him deeply. Although his drinking had made her unhappy and had finally ruined her financially, she was never known to utter a word of criticism about him.

In 1930 Dame Emma Albani died. Having lived to an age beyond vanity, she admitted shortly before her death that she was eighty-two. Some time during her long career she had shed five years, having stated in her own biography that she was born in 1852.

Practically no one remembers her now. There's no flash of recognition at the mention of Emma Albani, as there is for Adelina Patti or Nellie Melba or Jenny Lind. There are no lively legends about her name. There is no record that dashing noblemen ever drank champagne out of her slipper. The only thing remarkable about her was her voice. She was a devout, hard-working, good woman who sang beautifully. And when she could no longer offer the matchless music that had brought the world to her feet, it simply got up and walked away. *

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Love Is for the Birds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

good that I had to talk to someone. "Well, Fanshawe," I said. "This is an all right day for you?"

He pretended not to hear me although he stirred in his seat at the head of the table. There's no bitterness between Fanshawe and me any more; we've reached a sort of working agreement.

Fanshawe and I sat at the breakfast table without resentment. There was a time, of course, when things were different. Two years ago I'd owned a white-necked parrot called Bwana. This parrot came from Portuguese East Africa and consequently spoke nothing but Portuguese. But Bwana had character—moody at times, sure—but a terrific talker and a bird with a warm personality when you got to know him. Even Vicky grew fond of that bird. As soon as Bwana arrived, however, Fanshawe slipped into a phony role as tiger and stalked him all over the house. In the end I had to move Bwana to the fraternity but the boys let him loose out in the country one night. And I didn't even know where to begin looking for him. I mean, it was serious: that bird was attached to me and wouldn't even open his mouth unless I was there to get him started.

I don't mind admitting that for some time Fanshawe's own life hung in jeopardy. But that was long ago, and now I was a senior, about to graduate next month, and I suppose we all mellow—A senior? I sat bolt upright and I spilled some of my orange juice. Boy—I was so senior that I was supposed to be writing a final examination in English that morning!

I found myself sprinting through the hallway. "Good-by," I shouted to the house. "I'm taking the car."

I didn't slow for an answer. There was always a riot when I took the car because sometimes I'd forget where I parked it. My father once spent two days poking around the college grounds before he discovered it up behind the cyclotron building. But I didn't have time to worry about that now.

The sight of the telephone skidded me to a stop. If I didn't call Vicky this morning the situation could become sort of desperate. But then I resumed speed. I'd call her right after examination, I promised myself—without fail.

I like to sing when I drive and this morning my voice was sharp. I'd remembered that it was English 412 I was going to write. Here were all these cars pouring into the city, filled with thousands of people, and each one of them was going to spend the morning in an office—while I was on my way to spend the morning writing about the romantic poets!

A sad old guy in a blue convertible pulled up beside me while we waited for a light to change. Maybe he was too sick to press the button, but the top of his car was down and he looked as though the sun was killing him. Honest, he had his coat collar turned up and he was wearing gloves. Gloves! That poor guy needed help.

I leaned out my window. "Look, Mac," I told him. "It's always morning somewhere."

I had planned to engage him in song but the look that old guy loosed at me would have made Fanshawe cry. I shut up then because I didn't want to be certified as the cause of death, not on a morning like this. I thought about Vicky instead.

We were at a party on the lakeshore last night, Vicky and I. It was an all right party until this old dame—she

was somebody's sister and must have been over thirty—said she wanted to talk to me about sandpipers. And when Vicky found us out in the garden I was trying to talk about sandpipers, but when I said so it only seemed to make matters worse. It was going to be pretty vital today to get that confusion cleared up.

I sat blinking at a green light while I thought about Vicky. I never try to explain a thing because then I always manage to spoil it. But if you say that Vicky has green eyes and brown hair that's enough to go on with.

Inside, of course, I knew that Vicky was also the morning, and the sunshine, and what made you sing on the way to work. Vicky was the importance of living, I decided on the spot, and I began to fit the words to a song. But then I saw old Kiss-of-Death's blue convertible pounding over the hill ahead, and all the office workers were leaning on their horns. I poured on the coal to keep my date with the poets.

Well, I really socked that examination. I mean, it was funny enough to begin with: a bunch of dopes sitting around a sun-filled classroom writing

about the poets, but when you thought about it, what was a better way of killing the morning? Up front Professor Wingate looked sad and wagged some sombre message with his eyebrows. He's the only man I know who can speak with his eyebrows, but he's not a bad old guy. We have a working agreement, this Wingate and me.

Once in my freshman year he'd called me into his office and handed me back an essay with a big "D" at the top.

He read off my name in a thoughtful voice. "Mr. Tristram Bell," he said.

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57

"I'm giving you a 'D' for this paper, and I have the odd sensation that I may be giving a 'D' to a genius."

"That's all right," I said. I didn't want him to feel bad about failing me.

But his eyebrows kept telescoping up and down and I could see that he was going to get himself all excited. "Don't you understand, boy?" he demanded. "I said that you might be a genius!"

"Sure," I said.

That particular day I knew I was a genius too. That's the way it goes: today a genius, tomorrow a bum. I told him so. "It's just the weather,"

I explained. And after that we got along fine.

Now I just burned his paper up. I never knew the dates or the middle names but the odd facts stuck to me. For instance I knew that Jenny—the one who "kissed me when we met, jumping from the chair she sat in"—was really Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, and I was prepared to write for several hours on how odd it was that Jenny was really Mrs. Thomas Carlyle.

So I killed old Wingate's paper. It was a brilliant piece of work, probably good enough for a "C." I drew a small

owl at the bottom of the page, signed my name, and beat it out into the sunshine.

I knew there was something important I had promised to do so I sat on the Arts Building steps to remember what it was. My hand came out of my coat pocket with a sprinkling of dried oatmeal and I ate a few handfuls without much enthusiasm. I don't like it myself, but the birds do; and I always carry a sack of the stuff in my pocket. Anyway that told me what it was I had to do, and I got up right away: it was time to feed the falcons

on top of the Sun Life Building.

The roof of the Sun Life Building was that much closer to the sky and even those dumb falcons were in a good mood today. It always beats me the way people think those falcons are hot stuff. Sure they can fly, but why not? Does a fish rate an "A" every time he makes it across the pool?

Actually they're even dumber than the pigeons down below in Dominion Square who just stand around and cluck and look indignant when it rains. These falcons are stupid enough to nest on an office building, and that says it all. Birds of prey, are they? You should have seen those birds of prey mooching off my dried oatmeal.

I must have spent an hour or so up there, feeding oatmeal to the birds and looking down at the river. The tug boats were out and their sad tooting got all mixed up with the noise of trains shunting and the smell of smoke from the factories. It was a lazy, sort of slowed-up day and you could really invest some time on the roof of that building.

When I looked back at the city though the very first thing I saw was a golden streetcar lurching along the street. I remembered at once that this was the opening day of the season. For some it's the first baseball game; for me it's the day they put the observation streetcars on the road.

These obs are terrific things. The car is built in tiers, with no roof to get in the way, and it's the only streetcar in the world where people smile at each other. Before something embarrassing has happened, I mean. And it's the only streetcar I know where you can sing and no one objects. You can get yourself a bag of peanuts and sit on the top tier like a king, wallowing in the sunshine and singing just as loud as you like. Now that's the way to spend an afternoon. Well, I'd phone Vicky . . .

Even the falcons must have been scared the way my face dropped. And inside I felt as if the express elevator had already dropped me thirty-six floors to the street. Sure, now I'd phone Vicky . . .

Then when I did get down I was surrounded by telephones. Everywhere I turned an accusing platoon of telephones formed in front of me. I needed time to think and I started to walk uptown.

I sat down in the lobby of the Mount Royal Hotel and tried to make myself feel less pathological. I just sat there, wondering what I would say if I ever did get through to her, and hating myself for being the kind of dope I was, dreaming about sea gulls and forgetting the things that really mattered. Even to the point of forgetting Vicky—the only important thing!

I got up at last, walked through the bar, and confronted the telephone.

She answered on the first ring and when I heard her voice I sort of choked and couldn't speak for a moment. Surely, I thought, she must feel the same way, and a flood of joy surged through me. "Vicky," I said with a rush, "let's go for a ride on the ob."

"Tris—."

I missed the unfamiliar note of anger in her voice. I could only imagine her

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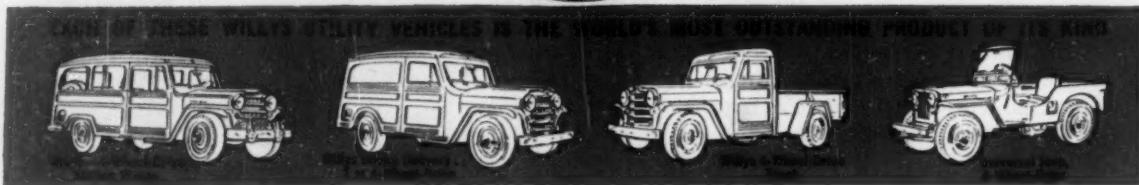
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lips parting to say my name, the green lights shining in her eyes, and I loved that hotel telephone because it carried her voice.

"Tris," she asked. "Where are you?" "In the Mount Royal Bar."

That stopped her, and it sort of slowed me too. Look, I told myself, this is serious; bear down, fellow . . .

Something more than exasperation sounded in her voice. "You mean you're drinking now?"

"No," I tried reasonably. "I'm telephoning now."

I'll never understand how two people who really ache for each other can talk at cross purposes and end by saying the reverse of what they mean, and get all mixed up and angry inside. But I happen to know that just this thing can happen. And right now I had to prevent it. A voice inside me was saying: tell her that you love her, tell her that she is sunlight and the importance of living—but, hell, if I could tell her that I'd have been with her long ago instead of out feeding falcons.

"Tris," she said again. "I want to talk to you."

"Swell!"

"No—" Her voice hesitated. "Tris—you're not going to like what I have to say."

"Vicky," I swore. "I like everything you have to say."

But let me tell you my hands were clammy and my mouth was dry. The inside voice told me, look out, fellow, this blade is sharp.

"How soon can you meet me?" Vicky asked.

"Well," I hedged. "I've got to meet a man."

"Where?"

"In Dominion Square." And I heard the blade of the guillotine rattle in its socket.

"Oh, Tris," she said. "Pigeons!"

She was right, of course. That was always my excuse when I wanted to feed the pigeons.

"Look, Vicky," I said desperately. "I'll be in the square in two minutes—waiting for you."

When I got out on the sidewalk I had my head down and it was a few minutes before I realized that the sun had disappeared. And that really shook me. You see, at my window this morning I'd known for sure that this was a day intended for sun, and here the storm clouds were knocking about the sky like billiard balls. And it was going to get blacker. Boy—I'd even loused up the weather!

SO VICKY and I sat silent on a bench in Dominion Square. Above us the clouds were shoving each other around and getting madder all the time. At our feet the pigeons clucked uselessly against the coming rain.

Vicky's eyes had never been greener, her hair never browner. Here was Vicky beside me, and my voice had gone dumb.

She ignored the speech my eyes were trying to deliver. "Oh, Tris," she said at last, and her voice sounded hurt and sort of despairing. "Won't you ever grow up? Look at the way those silly pigeons are crowding round you now, expecting a handout of that disgusting oatmeal."

I didn't have to look. I could feel them trying to climb my legs.

And this could be so different, I thought. Vicky and I alone on a bench, ready to be united by the meek rain coming through the dusk. Instead there was only this misery, and I was scared. Brother, I was scared!

Then she pointed her small chin up and I knew that Vicky had reached her decision. It wasn't only this time, of course; there were all the other crazy things I'd done. Oh, if only I was

able to explain things . . . If I could only tell her . . . I opened my mouth.

But Vicky spoke in a small, spent voice. "They were right when they called you 'Bird Brain,'" she announced.

Boy—was I sick of birds! Instinctively my feet lashed out at those fool clucking pigeons. And yet, I knew—although I couldn't tell Vicky; I couldn't tell anyone—that I'd only made friends with the birds because they were like myself: dumb things who never tried to explain. Even now I sensed that I'd outgrown them. I

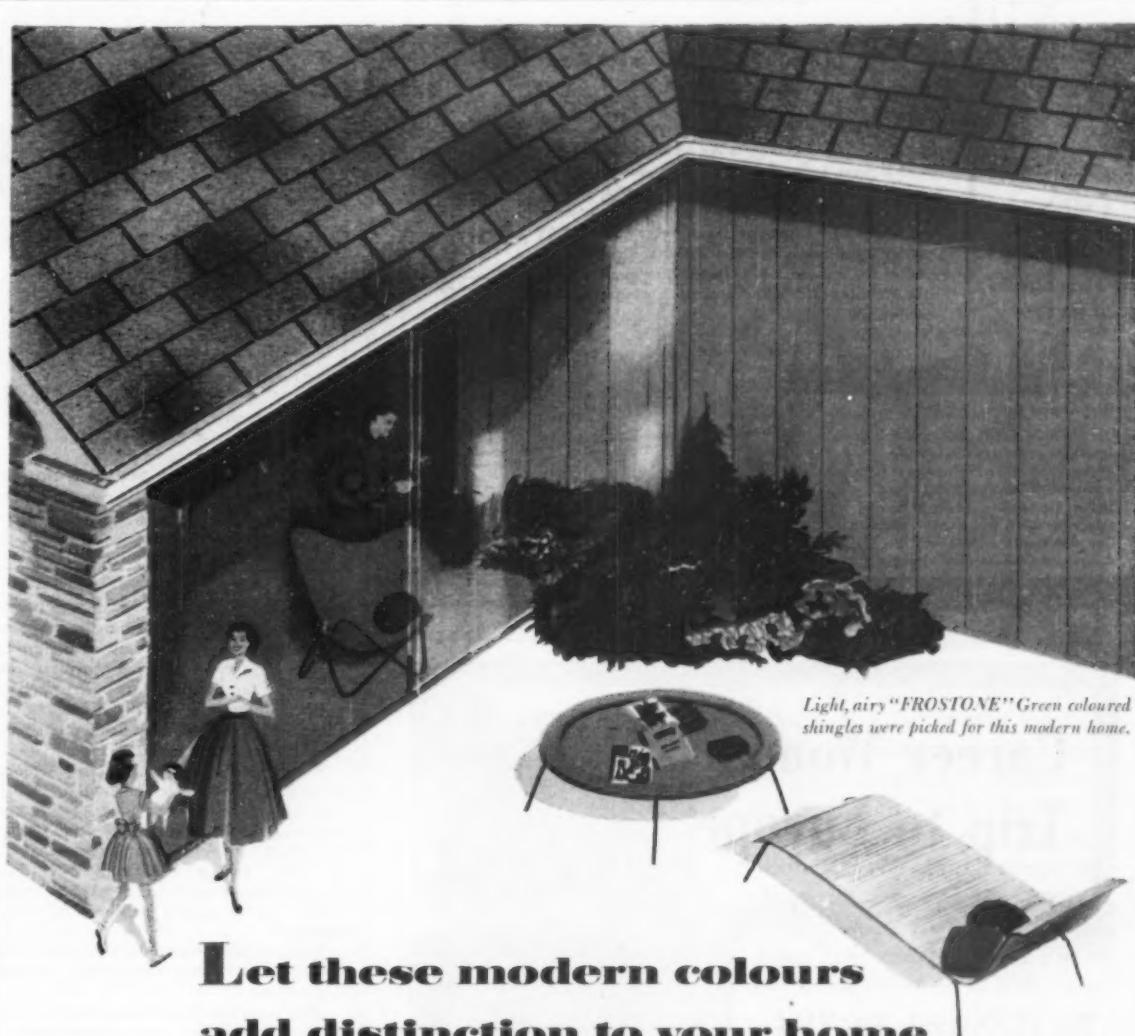
was going to leave the birds behind with my lost youth, and the crazy things I did, and the crazy jokes I tried to make. There was that dream about the sea gull for instance. I was sure that proved that the birds and I were about to end our working agreement. I knew that it was time to grow up.

The darkness lapped around our bench and a cold deadly fear seized me that any moment Vicky would get up and walk away into the dark. I decided then to tell her about the dream.

"Vicky," I said, "this morning a sea gull flew into my bedroom."

She heard me to the end, her eyes turned away, the glow of her face velveted by the dusk. I finished with the dream, and I drew a breath before going on to the important thing. I was going to say that the birds really didn't matter to me; it was only Vicky who mattered; Vicky was the world and living, and—I hoped I was going to say that I loved her.

But she made a small choking sound and I knew she was fighting to hold back her tears. I could only sit dumb



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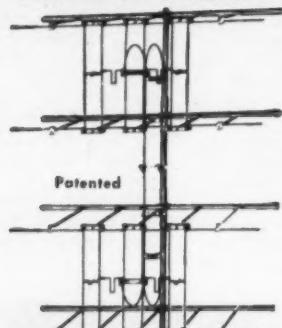
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again with my misery. Then the lights began to go on in the world. Across the square the hotel was a design of ragged squares winking through the dusk. The nearest lamp dropped a yellow hoop of light around our bench, and then the first bubbles of rain bounced on the ground beside us.

Vicky stood up and the pigeons scurried off beneath the bench. With the lamplight on her face she looked infinitely young, and lost, and lovely. I started to stretch out my hands.

"Tris," she got out then. "Oh, Tris—now you even dream about birds. Tris—you've got a sea gull in your heart!"

I stood there and didn't say anything because there was absolutely nothing I could say.

She took one step, another, and then her heels beat out a tattoo on the walk as she started to run into the darkness.

Now, I thought, it's happened. Vicky has really left me. Here I am alone in Dominion Square with some stupid rain-scared pigeons.

But I stopped thinking at that point and I started to run. She was almost up to St. Catherine Street by the time I caught up. She knew I was trailing behind all right because her heel taps quickened and her small chin drove forward into the rain.

Up here the lights were bright; the street glistened with a fresh coat of rain, and the lights from the store fronts painted the sidewalk yellow.

"Vicky," I called at her shoulder. "I love you!"

There was no sign that she heard me. Several smug passers-by turned to look at us curiously.

This was murder. I mean, at times it might be fun to trail after a girl and tell her on the street that you love her. But that would have to be when the sun was shining, and you were warmed with your love for each other, and you felt so good that you wanted to sing and tell the world.

But not when you were sick and

scared and helpless all at once. Not when your girl was leaving you because you were such a dope . . .

It made me even sicker to see the rain ruffling into Vicky's hair. But she just pointed her little chin down and drove ahead. Tap, tap, good-by, went her heels.

I quickened my pace. "Vicky!" I yelled. I shouted my lungs out on that St. Catherine Street. "Vicky, I love you!"

She had to stop then. We stood on the sidewalk and we looked at each other. We'd stopped outside some kind of chicken-barbecue joint, and the flame light from its window flowed over each lovely line of her tear-washed, rain-fresh face.

Neither of us was aware of the other citizens of the world who happened to be passing by. Some of them, I think, were stopping to watch. I only knew that she was looking at me now, her face was open and defenseless, and maybe this was my last chance, ever.

"Vicky," I said. "It's only you that matters—not those fool birds."

My hands shook getting the sack of dried oatmeal out of my pocket. Then in the light of that chicken-barbecue joint I emptied the sack of oatmeal over the sidewalk. The rain pulped it up and gurgled the stuff into the gutter.

"There," I said, and I was feeling pretty invincible right at that moment. "It's finished. No more birds, just you—Vicky."

Then it was as though we were coming together after some sort of disaster—a war, or a flood, or something like that. But it was also like meeting for the first time, there on the sidewalk of St. Catherine Street. The rain danced at our feet, those barbecue chickens spun crazily on their spits, and the office buildings shuddered forward to soften the falling rain.

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street in all the world—at least if Vicky is beside you. If you're laughing in the rain with Vicky . . .

I think it was several blocks before we realized we were wet. And when we looked and saw how wet we were we laughed some more. I licked the rain off my lips and it tasted wonderful.

For a long time we walked and got wetter and happier every minute. Then we stopped outside a restaurant.

Even on the sidewalk we could hear the accordion music. In the window there were things that looked like old china and cakes, and tea simmering on a hob. Anyway, this was certainly the place to come into out of the rain. We knew at once this was the place for us.

Inside we shook ourselves and for a moment we watched the fresh rain blowing across the glass. Then an old man came up to meet us and one look was enough to know his name was Papa. I glanced around for Mamma, and there she was, beaming at us from behind her counter.

Papa started to lead us down an aisle between the tables, Vicky in front of me. Just above the counter there was a cage with a parrot squatting glumly on his perch. He was a white-necked parrot, and as I passed him by I'll swear that bird lowered one hooded eye at me!

Still, I was all finished with that kind of thing. I kept on going.

Then I stopped in my tracks. Dimly I was aware that Vicky still followed Papa up the aisle.

I turned around and I went back to that cage. I came up on that bird from the rear and I looked at his sad white neck for several seconds.

"Bwana!" I said to him, loudly and distinctly.

And then all hell broke loose. That bird went crazy. Honest, he looped the loop and he took the cage with him. The little restaurant couldn't hold the fierce rattle of Portuguese that blared forth.

The customers came to their feet everywhere and it was a pretty tense moment all right. At her counter Mamma was sobbing and laughing all at once. "My little bird—he speaks at last," she was saying, and I thought she was going to start dancing with that cage.

Papa was there too and he kept wringing my hand. The place was crazy with noise, and I must admit that it was sort of affecting to see that fool bird Bwana running with joy around the sides of his cage. It was a proud moment and I had the impression that everyone was going to start in singing.

And then all at once I got very still, and my silence spread right through the restaurant. What I mean is, this was silence, this was *dead* silence. Even Bwana froze on his perch. I knew that Vicky stood behind me, and I was afraid to turn round.

Well, it had to be done. The customers waited politely while I started a slow half pivot. Maybe they thought this was part of the show—like the accordion music.

But before I was properly turned about Vicky launched herself. She sort of fell into my arms. "Tris," she said, in a shaky, tender kind of voice. "Here we've found Bwana after all this time, and now you've gone and thrown the oatmeal away!"

We must have been part of the show because that crazy crowd applauded. They stood up on their chairs and cheered. I held on to Vicky tightly and I didn't have to speak because the accordion was playing right in our ears. Then Vicky and I got even closer together, and at that moment I knew for sure that I was finished with dried oatmeal for ever. ★

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**Life With Five
Governors-General**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Government House must not purchase junk jewelry, lest the report circulate that all tiaras are paste.

The Tweedsmuir captured the heart of Canada as no viceregal couple before them had done. Attending them in their travels I could feel the warmth with which they were greeted and it was a moving thing. During the visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939, a highlight of Lord Tweedsmuir's governor-generalship, the people cheered not only for Their Majesties but for the quiet unobtrusive plain almost drab middle-aged man and wife in the background, the Tweedsmuir. I saw Lady Tweedsmuir so overcome by the realization that she was sharing an ovation with the Queen that she had to blink back tears.

But I recall the Tweedsmuir most vividly at their own fireside in Government House on a winter evening, with their children and their staff and the children of the staff around them, and Lord Tweedsmuir telling hair-raising ghost stories which, as far as I know, he made up on the spur of the moment.

With the outbreak of World War Two, Tweedsmuir drove himself harder than ever, feeling that his mission was to draw conflicting forces in Canada together. His health was failing so rapidly that he seemed to be shrinking inside his clothing. One morning early in 1940 his valet found him unconscious. He had fallen while shaving, victim of a cerebral thrombosis. He was operated on twice but life ebbed away. Lady Tweedsmuir's courage was magnificent. When the end came she put her arm across my shoulder and cried a little—but only for a few minutes. Then she straightened her back and behaved like a gallant soldier.

After the simplicity of the Tweedsmuir we on the staff at Government House were a bit apprehensive about the Athlones before they arrived in June 1940. Our worries were unnecessary. The Earl of Athlone, who was a brother of Queen Mary, had enough orders and decorations to have covered

his entire person had he worn them all at once and was tall and distinguished in appearance, but a junior aide once summed him up accurately as a "regular guy." His wife, Princess Alice, never called him anything but Aly, and there was a delightful boyishness about him.

Princess Alice, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and related to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, was pleasant to look at and easy to get along with. She had the heartiest laugh that ever rocked the rafters of Government House. She also had a curious habit. Always, except at formal dinners, she used a silver toothpick, handling it with dainty grace.

With two other officials I went to Halifax in the viceregal railway car to meet the Athlones when they landed in Canada. The journey was unusually dreary and we enlivened it by dipping into the whisky on the car. The Athlone's ship was five days late, so we dipped in some more. By the time the vessel docked the car was bone dry and so were we. It would not do to impose a dry trip to Ottawa on Lord Athlone so we scrounged around Halifax for replenishments, but the best we could find, with the war on and liquor scarce, were a few bottles of the most inferior stuff. When our new Governor-General sampled it he exclaimed, "Well, I don't think much of the Scotch we use at Government House."

"This lot is awful, sir," I agreed, "but this is the last of it and the other stock is better."

The Earl of Athlone was a good judge of liquor—so good that at a dinner in honor of the ambassador from Peru he got his geography slightly muddled and proposed a toast to the ambassador from Colombia!

The war, which had been the "phony war" in 1939, was grim and terrible by the time the Athlones were settled in Government House. Defense plants were popping up like mushrooms all over Canada and I am sure that any which Athlone missed were visited by Princess Alice. There were also military establishments to be inspected and a host of patriotic efforts to be encouraged.

In Toronto Princess Alice made an unscheduled call at Red Cross headquarters. When she introduced herself



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as Princess Alice a supercilious supervisor, listening with one ear, thought she said "Mrs. Harris."

"I haven't much time this morning," said the supervisor, "but come along, come along quickly, Mrs. Harris. Here we are sewing bed jackets, over there we are rolling bandages. Really, I'm very busy Mrs. Harris." Whisked haughtily to the door after a lightning tour, Her Royal Highness said good-by and thank-you, then added, "By the way, you haven't got my name straight. It's not Mrs. Harris—it's Princess Alice." The supervisor's jaw dropped and the Princess departed, laughing her loudest.

There was a steady procession of famous screen and radio stars to Ottawa in those days. They came to help us put over our various victory loans and, as a courtesy, were invited to Government House. I approached the Governor-General rather hesitantly when Jack Benny was in Ottawa with his company. "Shall we invite the entire cast?" I enquired.

"Certainly," he said.

"Do you know, sir, that Rochester is a colored man?"

"Of course I do," he replied. "I listen to the program every week. Anyway"—and he frowned at me severely—"I didn't know Government House went in for any of that Nordic nonsense." Both Rochester and his wife turned up and we all liked them.

Anna Neagle was one of our most interesting guests. She was then playing the title role in a movie about Queen Victoria and her contract stipulated that she had to act her part both on and off stage. I suppose it was a publicity stunt. At any rate, she remained Victoria in the presence of Victoria's granddaughter. As she was leaving, Princess Alice said "I hope you'll come back."

"Especially," interjected Athlone, "when you can be natural."

Africa Was a Big Stick

Athlone loved to talk of South Africa where he spent several years as governor-general. It was a subject that never tired him, although it tired everybody else. When he got on it he was good for hours. One evening the junior aides were behaving badly. They were not showing Their Excellencies proper attention and were yawning and holding magazines in front of their faces. I was angry. So I said to Lord Athlone, "You told us, sir, about the time you were in South Africa and the natives . . ."

That was enough. He was off, talking, talking, telling yarns we had heard a hundred times. Instead of being dismissed fairly early the aides were obliged to stay and listen until midnight. Next day they cornered me in no friendly fashion. "Why in God's name," asked one of them, "did you have to bring up Africa?"

"To teach you a lesson," I said. "I intend to use Africa as a big stick. Every time you read or yawn in Their Excellencies' faces I will bring it up." After that the manners of the aides improved and if they were bored they concealed it.

Lord Athlone was deeply attached to Maj.-Gen. H. F. H. Hertzberg, commandant of Royal Military College at Kingston. Because of this he liked to visit RMC as often as he could, although actually he did not have to appear there more than once in his five-year term of office.

"Ring up Hertz," he would tell me. "Ask him to put on some sort of show—any old thing—that will give me an excuse for going down. And Willis?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Tell the comptroller to stock the car with six bottles of Scotch and six



How to hold on to happiness...

Your two-year-old exploring the great, strange world shares her delight with everyone. You can't help taking pleasure from her pleasure. And maybe you wistfully wonder if you'll always be such a happy family.

There is no magic way to guarantee that; but one man in your neighborhood can help! He's your Great-West Life representative, who will show you how to get rid of important worries that so easily can mar your happiness. He can help you make certain that your family will have enough to live on if you should be taken from them; that you will have enough income for comfort in your old age; that big hospital bills will never be a hardship.

Have a talk with your Great-West Life representative. He can help you hold on to happiness.

Your future is our business to-day!

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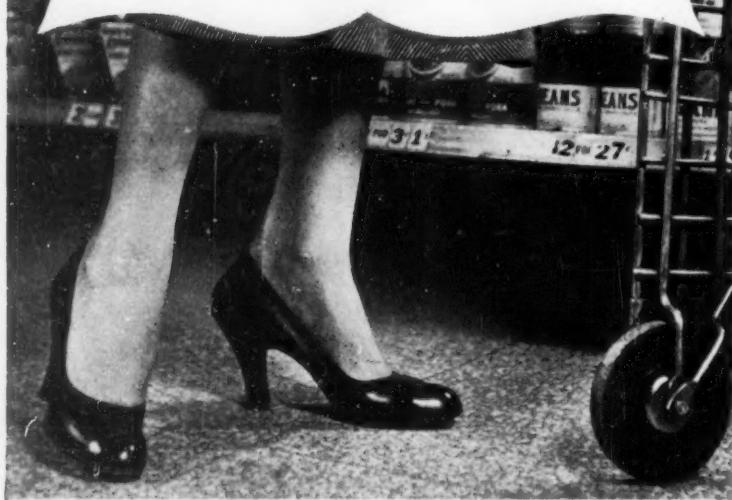
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Outshines all Others

CANADA'S QUALITY SHOE POLISH



"No argument there! We always agree on Carling's Black Label—the most refreshing lager under the sun. Why not try it? You'll go for a cool bottle of Black Label as much as we do!"

CARLING'S *Black
Label* **LAGER**

AA-3

bottles of sherry and a few of brandy and one or two—you know. Good old Hertz can't be expected to keep me," he would laugh with well-intentioned but heavy-handed humor.

So, well stocked with stores from the comptroller's department, we would set off for Kingston, take the salute from a quickly assembled parade, then relax for a pleasant evening. Athlone would often sit up until two in the morning and when we returned to Ottawa the Princess, giving him an anxious and wifely glance, would say: "You must have had a busy day yesterday, Willis. My poor husband looks utterly worn out."

Often at Government House in this period was Princess Juliana of The Netherlands, now Queen Juliana. We did not regard her as a visitor but as one of the family. My own house, Byng House, rises from the edge of MacKay's Lake and she used to come there to swim with my wife and me. One day when she was with us a dusty jeep drove up and a dusty chap in an air-force uniform climbed out. "I'm looking for my wife," he said.

"I'm afraid she's not here," I told him. "Perhaps you've come to the wrong house."

"Are you Colonel O'Connor?" "Yes," I said, "but we have no extra wives here. There's just a friend with us swimming."

"Maybe it's the friend I'm looking for," said the stranger. "Her name is Juliana. I'm Bernhard, her husband."

Winston Churchill stayed at Government House in 1941. We had a dinner in his honor. It was not ten o'clock when he left the company and locked himself in his room to write a speech. He worked all night.

Keeping up with his duties, which were increasingly heavy because of the war, put a strain on the Earl of Athlone so he grasped eagerly at relaxation. Oddly enough, shopping rested him. He thoroughly enjoyed it. I've mentioned Lady Tweedsmuir's passion for bargains. Athlone had no interest in bargains. He wanted to do his shopping on a grand scale. We aides are supposed to carry money to make payment when the governor-general purchases something. The accounts are squared later. The first time I accompanied Athlone on a shopping expedition I suddenly realized I only had five dollars with me. I told him this apologetically.

"No matter," he said. "I have two hundred dollars." He spoke with undisguised satisfaction.

"Isn't that a good deal to carry around, sir?" I asked.

"Of course," he agreed. "Of course. But I do it. You see, I was never able to get my hands on that much money until I became governor-general and I like the feeling of it in my pockets." I don't believe he was joking for I heard him make a similar statement on other occasions.

In 1943, E. H. Coleman, Under-Secretary of State, told me that an Allied conference was to be held at Quebec. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill would be there with their combined military advisers. Coleman said that at the request of Prime Minister King I was to be comptroller of the Quebec Citadel, where the highest-ranking personages would be staying. The Chateau Frontenac had been requisitioned for the rest of the delegates.

The task assigned to me was that of a glorified housekeeper. I had to organize a staff and open the huge rambling historic Citadel, the summer residence of our governors-general, which stands on a brow overlooking the St. Lawrence. I had to see that the floors were scrubbed and polished,

Accordion Pleated

Life is a circus; a coconut shy
A conflict; a drama; a riddle.
I'd find it tremendous to witness if I
Weren't always right in the middle.

Lotta Dempsey

the furniture was dusted, the curtains were hung, the linens were aired, the silver was polished, and the larder was stocked. I had to do this without any of my helpers knowing why it was being done.

The old Citadel became, for the duration of the conference, a combination of 10 Downing Street and the White House. I had to equip separate map rooms for Roosevelt and Churchill. Telephones were installed in most rooms, and one room became an exchange from which it was possible to make connections with nearly any part of the world. This exchange had a device called a "scrambler" which mixed up conversations so that they would be unintelligible to all save the persons conversing, for whom a gadget unscrambled them. So that President Roosevelt could move around easily in his wheel chair I had several ramps built inside the Citadel.

The day after Churchill arrived with his wife and daughter, Mackenzie King had lunch with them and later asked Churchill whether he intended to take his usual rest.

"No," said Churchill, "no time for rest. I've got to work and show results, for I and my circus are costing the people a lot of money."

Roosevelt joined Churchill at the

how to give
a steak
a break...



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The same fine sauce
which, for over 100
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the cuisine of
world-famous
restaurants.



*THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Citadel in a few days. An hour before he was expected his protective staff—thirty men—turned up. I called them G-men. Jennings, the Government House steward, whom I had borrowed for the conference, hunted me up with a complaint that they had asked him to show his pass when he was going upstairs. "And in the King's house, too!" he snorted.

I soothed him by saying that no doubt I would be stopped too. And so I was. I had a long talk with the head detective and advised him that the Governor-General would be coming along in a few minutes and that it would be discourteous to ask him for a pass. "After all," I said, "you are guests in his residence."

"But I don't know him," said the detective.

"I'll point him out to you," I said. I did.

But Princess Alice and Mrs. Churchill were summarily shooed away by the G-men and didn't get to the terrace to greet Roosevelt until Churchill himself escorted them. The detectives evidently recognized Churchill.

I have an entry in my diary about a luncheon I had with Roosevelt and the Churchills. There was an amusing exchange during the meal between Churchill and his wife. She extolled Stalin.

"He's with us," she declared. "He's an ally, firmly on our side."

"I hope you are right, my dear," replied Churchill, "though I doubt it. Anyway, if he is as firmly on our side as he was recently on that of the Germans both Canada and the United States will be needed to protect us."

I was also at the luncheon at which Churchill announced the appointment of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was present, to command the whole area

around India, Burma and Siam. He gave a cheery speech in which he said Lord Louis was very young for such a command but all the services recognized his ability. He spoke about fifteen minutes. Then it was Lord Louis' turn. He rose to his feet.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and sat down again.

Toward the end of the conference Churchill declared that war or no war, and no matter what he and his "circus" were costing, he intended to go fishing at Snow Lake. He had heard the trout there were giants. I checked up and found that Snow Lake was around thirty-five miles north of Quebec on the Montmorency River and that there was accommodation within easy distance. So off to the wilderness retreat went Churchill with his daughter Mary, a clerk-stenographer, two detectives, one mounted police inspector, four policemen, four chauffeurs, three waiters, eight guides, two footmen, two cooks and a boy to wash dishes.

When I took some dispatches up to Churchill he told me he was delighted with the fishing. I lunched with him and Mary and they had a debate about who had caught the largest trout. Finally, to settle it, scales were brought in to weigh the biggest fish each of them had taken. The trout played no favorites. Each fish tipped the scales at exactly two and a half pounds.

Through a Man. Abattoir

The conference, with its whirl and glitter and feverish activity, its great statesmen and famous soldiers, came to a close. Its military delegates rushed off to the battlefronts to translate its decisions into a stepped-up campaign against the enemy. In the Citadel, the dust covers were put over the furniture again, the doors were bolted, and I returned to Government House at Ottawa with a rich store of memories. My stint as a housekeeper had been a wonderful experience. It has been said of Churchill that he is "easily satisfied—with the best." I am proud to say that he was well-satisfied at the Citadel.

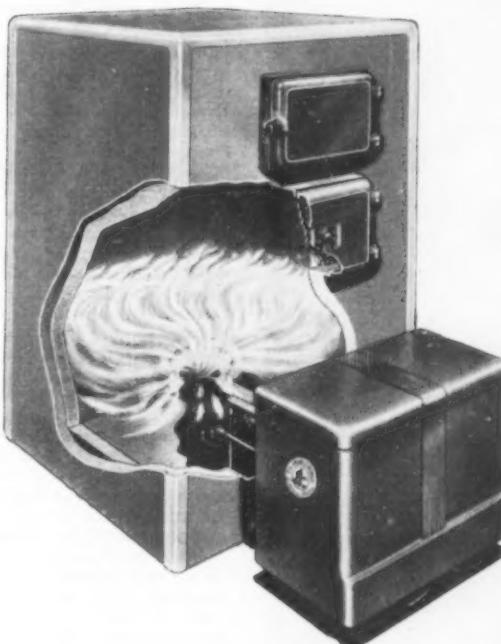
As the war sped on to its triumphant conclusion there was no letup in the activities of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice. One week they were in one part of the country, next week in another. Always, of course, aides accompanied them. People seem to think this rushing from coast to coast is fun. It isn't.

Viceroyal schedules are so tight that you have to make a date with yourself to draw an extra breath. It gets you down to know today that three weeks from tomorrow at ten o'clock in the morning you will be trailing through an abattoir in Winnipeg or a mattress factory in Vernon.

By the end of 1945 the Athlones were returning to England and I had had enough. I had served five governors-general—Byng, Willingdon, Bessborough, Tweedsmuir and Athlone. I had traveled every inch of Canada. I had met many of the personalities who forged the history of our times and made friends in all walks of life. I could feel that in some small way as principal aide-de-camp I had helped keep the crown a shining symbol of democracy. So I laid aside the King's gold aiguillette and my uniform and retired to relax and paint a bit—a hobby I had long neglected—and putter in my garden.

Today as I paint and garden I often find my thoughts tripping back along memory lane. In twenty-four years of social soldiering, I had much excitement, many pleasant interludes. I wouldn't have missed my career for a million dollars. ★

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Plain or mercurochrome pad



How Leo Lures the Yanks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

promise as a sports reporter, and was soon dabbling in politics. One story from his early days, which he will neither deny or confirm, is that when handling the publicity for a candidate in a by-election, the opposing candidate's publicity man was taken ill and Dolan carried on for him as well as for his own man. There were no kicks from either side.

Such versatility soon developed along broader lines. In 1925 Dolan became publicity director for the Nova Scotia provincial Conservative Party. They won the election that year. Two years later the Liberals put him to work and fifteen months after that they were returned to power. At a meeting in Sydney around that time labor leaders were discussing the chances of there ever being a socialist government in Nova Scotia. They agreed the outlook was dark. A member at the back of the hall rose up and shouted, "Get Dolan and we'll win next time out."

In 1931 the New Brunswick government named Dolan as director of its Information and Tourist Travel Bureau and he started in enticing American tourists to New Brunswick at a time when most touring on this continent was being done via the rods in search of jobs. He felt that something different was called for so he invited Babe Ruth and other greats of the sports world to come up for the hunting. Some of them came, and hundreds of American sports pages bore accounts of the big time they were having in New Brunswick. "Publicity on the sports page is the best you can get," Dolan thinks. The theory worked. In the early Thirties New Brunswick's travel-tourist income increased while it fell off everywhere else.

That first year Dolan showed up in Philadelphia for the world's series between the Athletics and the St. Louis Cardinals with a frozen moose carcass. He announced that he was backing the As and that if fed on good New Brunswick moose meat they couldn't lose. It was a good publicity stunt and even when the As lost Dolan was undismayed. "The boys must have overate," he announced. Millions of Americans read daily stories of the moose diet and of the wonderful hunting to be found in New Brunswick.

The next year Dolan appeared in Boston with a bear cub which he presented to the Bruins hockey club. The presentation was made on a radio hookup and Dolan spoke eloquently for one minute on what a sterling bunch of fellows the Bruins were, and for ten minutes on what a wonderful place New Brunswick was.

By 1934 it was felt at Ottawa that the American tourist business was a sufficiently important source of U. S. dollars for the federal government to do something about increasing it. A senate committee was formed to make enquiries and Leo Dolan was one of the witnesses. Opponents of the plan had no chance against Dolan's salesmanship, and when the Canadian Government Travel Bureau was established two months later Leo Dolan was director with an initial one hundred thousand dollars to spend.

Tourist revenue increased that year by about one million dollars. In the following year it jumped thirty millions and continued to increase until the outbreak of war in 1939. During that period Dolan was traveling about sixty thousand miles and delivering a hundred speeches a year, mostly in the U. S. He can still talk by the hour about Canada without once using "limitless resources," "God-given heritage" or even words like "vast," "unspoiled," or "grandeur." After addressing a travel association in Hawaii early this year he was asked to speak to the combined Hawaiian Senate and House of Representatives.

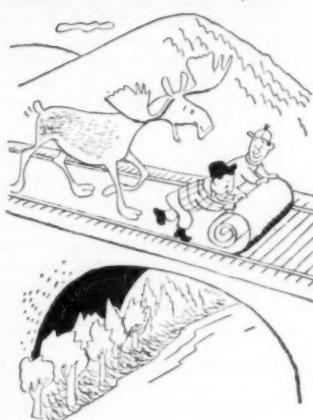
Canadian hunting and fishing organizations engaged for several years in a quiet war with Dolan. They resented Americans coming up to kill off our moose, deer, ducks and fish. They wanted to kill them off themselves. The visiting hunter was accused of shooting game from planes and of killing antlered animals wholesale and just taking home the heads, leaving the carcasses to rot. Dolan came in for censure as the man largely responsible for the hunters coming up in the first place. His answer was to prod provincial game authorities to investigate the question of American hunters abusing their license privileges and to use their legal powers to stop abuses. He also suggested that some of the illegal hunting could be laid at the door of the resident hunter.

Dolan's bureau is now given \$1,550,000 a year to spend. Of this, about two thirds goes in advertising in American magazines, newspapers, radio, pamphlets and 16-mm movies made in co-operation with the National Film Board for distribution to any responsible American organization which will show them. The ten provincial government travel and information departments are not under Dolan's jurisdiction, but all work in close touch with the federal office.

"This year will be a banner one for the tourist industry," Dolan says, as he has been saying since 1934. "Our enquiries are running fifty-three percent higher than any previous year."

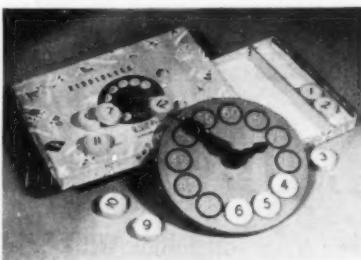
"We are all in the tourist business in this country, so we may as well act like it. It's an export business. It doesn't denude our forests, empty our mines or exhaust our fields. It is merely a service, so let's make it a good one." ★

Roll out the carpet!



UP NORTH, moose have the habit of using snowplowed railway lines as their personal promenades. OK until they come to a bridge; then Mr. Moose is likely to get caught between the ties, break his legs and otherwise gum things up. So the railways lay what they call "moose carpets" of aluminum between the rails and over the ties at spots where His Lordship may need safe footing.

It just goes to show how aluminum's combination of lightness, strength and resistance to weather comes in handy in the most unlikely places . . . And to explain why, in 1954, our aluminum capacity will be boosted to over a billion pounds a year. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).



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your child's progress?"**

Are you following a planned regime of play which is actively assisting his development and keeping in step with his ever widening circle of interest? Modern science recognises that a haphazard choice of playthings is positively detrimental to healthy mental and emotional progress — acknowledges a debt to KIDDICRAFT "Sensible" TOYS designed by Mr. Hilary Page, the eminent play specialist.

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Kiddicraft "Sensible" Toys can be found at the leading stores, toy shops and baby shops throughout Canada.

WEDDING GUEST

My dear, she's an absolute picture,
As lovely a bride as I've seen!
(And whoever sold her that dress should have
told her
To buy a sixteen!)

And isn't the bridegroom a darling!
You'd look a long way and not match him.
He's handsome and brainy and charmingly zany.
(And how did she catch him?)

GEORGE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED
MONTREAL

The Polish Art Treasures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

the collection was Szczercie, "The Notched Sword," which had been used at the coronation of Polish monarchs since the twelfth century. Among other ancient weapons was the jeweled sword, scabbard and belt presented by Pope Innocent XI to the great Polish warrior Jan Sobieski, and a third sword seized by Sobieski as a prize of war from the Turks.

The *objets d'art* included two gold clocks, a gold coffee set, an exquisite Turkish dinner service, jeweled batons of legendary Polish commanders, helmets, sabres and shields, three suits of armor richly engraved, and fifteen caparisons for war horses ornamented in gold, silver and precious stones.

The documents included The Holy Cross Sermons and the Florian Psalter, religious parchments dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and the oldest manuscripts in the Polish language, and many original manuscripts of Frederick Chopin's immortal compositions.

Most valuable of all were one hundred and thirty-six tapestries woven in the Middle Ages, many from gold and silver thread, all of them matchless in their class.

The two curators deputed to save these treasures were Professors Stanislaus Swierz-Zaleski and Joseph Polkowski.

Swierz-Zaleski was a dark-haired medium-sized man of about sixty with a blank red face, a mustache and negligent habits of dress. He was a sensitive and capable painter. He was notoriously timid and pliant and very mean with money.

Polkowski was a well-built, tall, clean-shaven and meticulously dressed Pole, a blond in his fifties who loved outdoor life. He had a strong taciturn personality and for some years had borne with dignity the affliction of a large tumor behind his right ear.

By barge, horse-drawn wagon and army truck the two professors moved the thirty-five crates of treasure through Rumania to the Black Sea and

from there by ship to France. During the period of "phony war" the treasures were stored in a French village. When the Germans plunged into France in the summer of 1940 the Polish government, now functioning in exile from London, ordered Swierz-Zaleski and Polkowski to load the treasures aboard the Polish ship Batory and accompany them to Canada.

In July 1940, two months after the fall of France, the Canadian Department of External Affairs, at the request of Victor Podoski, London Polish Consul-General in Canada, gave orders that the treasures should be admitted without customs inspection and made arrangements to give them storage space in the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa.

But here the government's official hospitality ended. It never asked for an inventory of the treasures. It also departed from customary international practice in such cases by informing the London Poles it could accept no responsibility for the safety of the treasures. The treasures therefore came under the jurisdiction of Waclaw Babinski, London Polish Minister to Ottawa, who found jobs for Swierz-Zaleski and Polkowski at the consul-general's office.

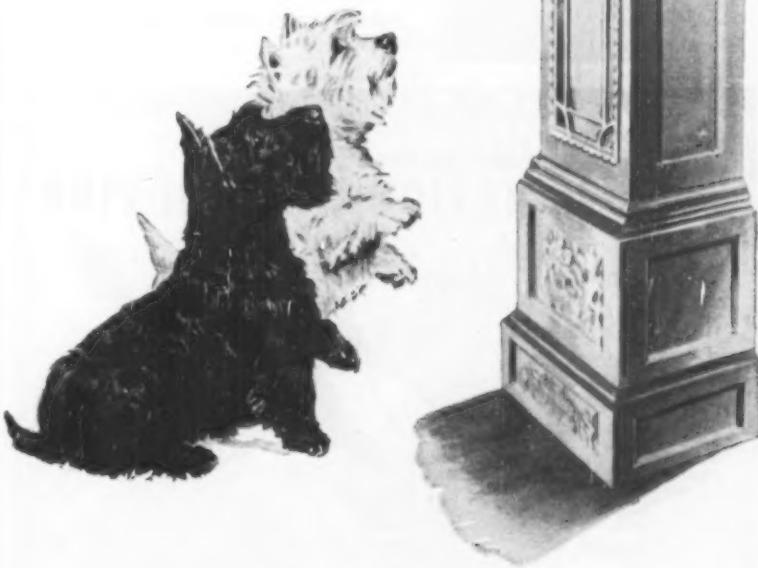
All went well until July 16, 1945, when the Canadian government, in common with the British and U. S. governments, recognized the Communist Warsaw Poles who had established themselves in the wake of the victorious Russian advance to the west. Automatically recognition of the London Poles was withdrawn and Waclaw Babinski and the whole of the London Polish legation and consular staffs were deprived of official status. The new development also left their right to remain in possession of the treasures highly questionable.

The Canadian government could have assumed the guardianship of the treasures until such time as their proper disposal could be legally agreed. But it wished to stand clear of contention and decided to take no action.

In the opinion of Babinski the Communist Warsaw Poles had imposed themselves on their countrymen with the aid of the Russian Army and with characteristic contempt for the secret ballot. Babinski anticipated that as

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By Appointment
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers
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Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS SIZES

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By Appointment
Gin Distillers
To the Late King George VI
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

* Quality
Incomparable!

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STANDS SUPREME

Available in Various Bottle Sizes

TANQUERAY, GORDON & COMPANY, LTD.
—the largest gin distillers in the world

Specialists
in NATION-WIDE MOVING

OVER 50 AGENT MEMBERS FROM COAST TO COAST

A move to some far-off city can be as carefree as a move to the other side of town. It's easy, safe and economical when you move the Allied way.

ALLIED
VAN LINES
LTD.
CANADA'S MASTER MOVERS
Agents in all principal
Canadian cities



53-1

soon as representatives of the Warsaw Poles arrived in Ottawa they would seize the treasures without admitting London Polish claims to the right of arbitration.

London Poles still in Canada say Babinski gave secret orders to Swierz-Zaleski and Polkowski to hide them. On the grounds that some of the treasures belonged to the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Cracow, Babinski was able to enlist the sympathy of Canadian Catholic clergy who used their influence to find him two caches. The two professors hid some of the treasures in the basement of the Convent of the Precious Blood, on Bank Street, Ottawa, and some in the cellars of the Redemptorist Monastery at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec City. They also deposited, under joint signature, two full steamer trunks in the vaults of the Ottawa branch of the Bank of Montreal.

Only a few of the treasures still remained at the Experimental Farm when representatives of the Warsaw Poles reached Ottawa in the fall of 1945. The Canadian government was unaware that any had been removed.

The first minister for the Warsaw Poles was an old Communist campaigner, Alfred Fiderkiewicz, a lean, bald man with bushy eyebrows and a stony face. As Babinski had expected, Fiderkiewicz immediately began rooting around for the treasures without resort to diplomatic formality. He summoned Swierz-Zaleski and Polkowski and demanded to know where the treasures were.

At this time neither of the professors talked. But sometime during the winter of 1945-46 Swierz-Zaleski began to come under the influence of the Warsaw Poles. By the spring of 1946, however, he had still not revealed the hiding places, and Fiderkiewicz sought official assistance from the Canadian government.

The Row Became Red-hot

On May 16, 1946, he complained to the Department of External Affairs that some of the treasures were missing from the Experimental Farm. The facts suggest that External Affairs got into a flurry during which it committed a rash act.

It disclaimed all Canadian responsibility for the treasures yet tacitly admitted an obligation to Poland for their safety by ordering a new lock to be fixed on the storeroom doors at the Experimental Farm.

Fiderkiewicz became more insistent. By June 21, 1946, it was clear that Swierz-Zaleski had talked for on that day the Warsaw Poles made a stronger communication to External Affairs. They said that "a large part" of the treasures had been removed to "certain places in Ottawa and in the country" and they asked the department to "protect" these treasures.

Diplomatically the situation was now red-hot but still no news leaked out to the Press. External Affairs reminded Fiderkiewicz that Canada had never undertaken the safekeeping of the treasures. Then he retreated once more from the official position of indifference by deciding to communicate, "as a courtesy" to the Warsaw Poles, with the convent, the monastery and the bank where the treasures were lodged.

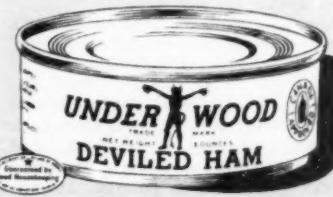
Only the Bank of Montreal replied admitting possession of goods "belonging to the Polish State."

In a note to the Warsaw Poles, External Affairs told them that the bank acknowledged possession of some treasures. In the same note was a further paragraph in which External Affairs abandoned its professed neutrality. This paragraph suggested that



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the Warsaw Poles should remove those treasures which remained at the Experimental Farm.

Here was an admission that Canada officially agreed with Warsaw Polish claims to the treasures. It was consistent with Canada's recognition of the Warsaw Polish Government. It was consistent with Canada's decision to hand over to the Warsaw Poles seventeen million dollars' worth of gold bullion that had been deposited in the Bank of Canada by the London Poles. But it was an admission which later the government had reason to regret.

Without further ado Fiderkiewicz decided to grab the treasures from the bank. But he reckoned without the London Poles who not only had tailed Swierz-Zaleski and knew of his defection from their cause but also knew through their intelligence service much of what was going on inside the Warsaw Polish Legation.

When Swierz-Zaleski went on behalf of the Warsaw Poles to collect the deposit from the Bank of Montreal he was politely informed by the manager that he could not have it. The manager pointed out that the trunks were deposited under the joint signatures of Swierz-Zaleski and Polkowski and that without Polkowski's signature too he could not release them.

Fiderkiewicz then decided to tackle the Convent of the Precious Blood. He was several hours behind the well-informed London Poles.

On a dull evening in the late summer of 1946 Polkowski rapped calmly on the front door of the convent. He gave the nun who answered a receipt for eight cases of treasure. These were swiftly loaded into a furniture van belonging to the Capital Storage Company of Ottawa.

Polkowski's timing was precise.

The next day Swierz-Zaleski and a group of Warsaw Poles called to demand the same cases from the nuns. The nuns explained that they had already been picked up.

In the edgy hours of the following dawn Polkowski was at the Redemptorist Monastery in Ste. Anne de Beaupré supervising the loading of the furniture van with further trunks. The van then vanished into the twilight.

A few hours later the Warsaw Poles called at the monastery to collect the trunks. The holy fathers regretted that the trunks had already gone.

London Poles say the Warsaw Poles drove furiously around the Quebec countryside trying vainly to pick up the trail of the van. For weeks their

agents made enquiries all over Canada. They were fruitless.

Fiderkiewicz decided to try to smoke the treasures out with publicity. He called a press conference and for the first time the Canadian man in the street learned of the foreign intrigue that was being fought out on his soil. The headlines read, "Polish Art Treasures Stolen!" The news flashed around the world.

Fiderkiewicz exploited propagandist opportunities to the full. He gave the papers a series of attenuated facts, titbits of information which whetted the appetite for more. To some facts he gave an intriguing twist. Among others he mixed exciting untruths. Polkowski, for example, was not named. He was merely identified as "a man with a tumor" who had taken the treasures from the Convent of the Precious Blood. This at once committed the Press to hunting Polkowski down. Fiderkiewicz said the man with the tumor gave to the nuns a password: "Holy Virgin of Czestochowa." When reporters located Polkowski in Ottawa he said: "It sounds fantastic to me." London Poles say that Polkowski was well known to the nuns, that he had a receipt for the cases, and that such ludicrous theatricals as passwords were unnecessary. But the alleged invention served to spice the news accounts.

Fiderkiewicz said that some of the treasures were scattered around "farms and parsonages," thereby hinting that the London Poles were intent on making them their private property. This was a gross falsehood, say the London Poles today.

Fiderkiewicz disclosed that he had written to the late Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, of Quebec City, asking him "to give one more proof of your friendship for us" by yielding up the treasures to the Warsaw Poles. Cardinal Villeneuve, who would have been the last person in the world to manifest any friendship for a Communist regime, was astonished by the letter. He replied that he knew nothing whatsoever about the treasures. But his name was now in the news columns.

During the hubbub Watt Creighton, manager of the Bank of Montreal branch in Ottawa, permitted the opening of the two trunks in his possession by the Warsaw Poles. Fiderkiewicz was photographed holding aloft Szczerebiec, the coronation sword. It is significant that on this occasion Swierz-Zaleski was hovering in the background. But the bank manager again refused to give up the treasures until he

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had the signatures of both depositors. Swierz-Zaleski was itching to sign. Polkowski wasn't. So there the Polish royal regalia remained.

The hiding place of the rest of the treasures was known only to Polkowski, Babinski and Babinski's first secretary at the former London Polish Legation, Adam Zurowski.

The hot winds from Fiderkiewicz's press conference blew down corridors at the Department of External Affairs like the first kiss of an impending political typhoon. Prime Minister King reiterated that the dispute was a purely

private matter between two groups of Poles.

The story petered out in the papers and Fiderkiewicz returned to secret diplomacy. A week later he again asked External Affairs to help him find the treasure. Despite King's protestations that Canada had nothing to do with the matter, External Affairs instituted further enquiries to find out where they were. The enquiries failed. This business of proclaiming neutrality while giving assistance to the Warsaw Poles continued to mark the confused policy of the department.

On Dec. 16, 1946, Leonard Brockington, the Toronto lawyer, who had been consulted by the London Poles about their legal position, proposed a solution. He suggested to External Affairs, with the agreement of the London Poles, that the treasures should be exhibited throughout Canada for a period of five years and then, after negotiation, returned to the Polish State. The London Poles felt that by then there was a good chance that the Communist regime would have collapsed. The Warsaw Poles refused point-blank.

Nine months passed during which the

Polish Government in Warsaw painted Canada as a nation of looters and an abettor of those "gangsters and criminals," the London Poles.

On Sept. 29, 1947, the Warsaw Poles asked External Affairs to apprehend and take legal proceedings against the London Poles responsible for removing the treasure. Louis St. Laurent, the responsible minister, replied that the Warsaw Poles were at liberty to take action against the London Poles themselves. The Warsaw Poles did not take his hint.

St. Laurent also asked the Warsaw Poles to correct inaccurate statements concerning the treasures which were appearing in the Polish press. But the most important paragraph in this note contained information which was to lead to the story's sudden denouement. St. Laurent said that to assist the Warsaw Poles it had been decided to request the Royal Canadian Mounted Police "to undertake a search in order to ascertain the location of the missing articles." The RCMP were instructed not only to find out where the treasures were but, on discovering them, to keep them under surveillance.

In January 1948, fifteen months after the treasure had disappeared for the second time, the RCMP learned that twenty-three trunks and one box were stored in the basement of L'Hôtel Dieu, a closely cloistered Quebec City convent and hospital. According to an official RCMP statement, Corporal J. R. R. Carrière and a Constable Houle interviewed the Mother Superior, Sister St. Henri.

She readily agreed that the trunks were in the basement and offered to show them to the officers. Knowing that passage through the convent cloister was not usually permitted to men the police officers suggested they should use an outside entrance to the basement. The superior waved away their misgivings and, accompanied by an assistant, directed Carrière and Houle through the cloister to the treasure.

In view of later events it is important here to present in part a statement made by Commissioner S. T. Wood of the RCMP. "The purpose of the interview," he declared, "was to seek information and the RCMP made no demand to enter, much less was there any suggestion that they had a right to search. They were received most courteously by the mother superior. The police were fully aware that there was a dispute to rightful ownership or possession of the articles, that they should be treated as missing property, that no demand should be made to produce the property nor, if located, should any seizure action be taken."

An RCMP detachment was detailed to keep the convent under observation to make sure no unauthorized persons removed the treasure.

Lester Pearson, then Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, wrote to the Warsaw Poles informing them of the treasure's whereabouts. "As we agreed with your solicitors," he added, "we are communicating the information to you for any further action you and your solicitors may wish to take."

The action of the Warsaw Poles was prompt and direct. They sent an agent to L'Hôtel Dieu and demanded of the superior that she hand the treasures over. Sister St. Henri refused.

By February 1948 Fiderkiewicz was no longer in Ottawa. The head of the Warsaw Polish Legation was now Z. R. Bielski. On Feb. 21 he wrote a letter to Sister St. Henri in which he gave her four days to hand the treasure over. In this he misrepresented the RCMP's role by claiming that the Canadian federal police had been "placed at the disposal of the Polish Legation." Fail-

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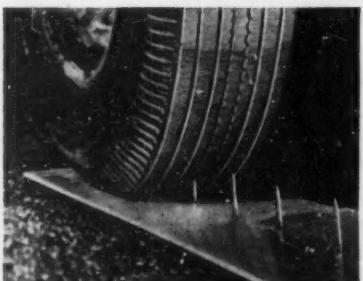
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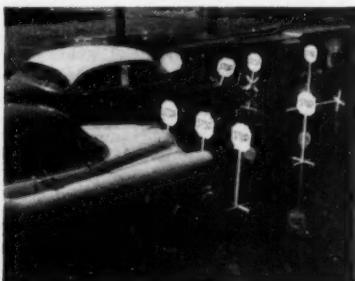
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ing compliance Bielski threatened "serious consequences" not only to Sister St. Henri and her convent in particular but to "the Catholic Church in general."

She at once wrote for guidance and help to Premier Duplessis.

Many people excuse Duplessis' decision to take the treasures into official Quebec custody on the grounds that it brought to an end the physical tussle and left the Warsaw Poles no alternative but orderly legal proceedings. Others, however, deplore the tactics he endorsed and the subsequent attitude he adopted.

The man in charge of transferring the treasures from L'Hôtel Dieu to the Provincial Museum was Lieut.-Col. Léon Lambert, chief of the Quebec Provincial Police. Knowing that the RCMP were keeping the convent under observation with orders to prevent the treasures from being removed Lambert had to resort to subterfuge. He decided to employ a number of delivery trucks which called at the Hôtel Dieu daily with supplies for the nuns and other inmates. The RCMP detachment on guard had become accustomed to seeing these vehicles and did not inspect them.

On the day in question one of the RCMP became suspicious at unusual activity around the trucks. He reported the matter to the officer in charge. The latter then sought an interview with the superior, who informed him that all the treasures had by that time been removed in the delivery trucks.

Maurice Fires a Salvo

It is suspected by federal authorities in Ottawa that Lambert used Quebec Provincial Police officers in plain clothes to do the loading in the delivery trucks. But there has never been any proof of this. Lambert himself refuses to confirm or deny the fact. "We are under severe restrictions from the Prime Minister about giving out news on this matter," he said recently. If Lambert *did* use Quebec Provincial officers then the RCMP were in the droll situation of being duped by police of their own country.

Duplessis in a public pronouncement drew attention to the fact that some of the treasures were claimed as property of the Roman Catholic Church and advanced the information that Quebec Province would hold them until such time as a "competent authority" could decide on their proper destiny.

Had he been content with helping a nun out of her quandary and ending an unseemly melee he might, in spite of his action against the RCMP, have escaped further criticism. But he immediately engaged in a bout of propaganda which almost equalled that of the Warsaw Pole Fiderkiewicz.

On March 3, 1948, Duplessis made a statement to the effect that the RCMP "without search warrants and in an illegal manner forced their entrance not only into the Convent of the Sisters of L'Hôtel Dieu but also into the cloister.

"We are much grieved," he went on, "that the federal authorities of our country, particularly the ministers representative of the Province of Quebec, made themselves collaborators of Stalin and his Polish Government to the point that they ordered their police to ignore the laws and violate the cloister of that noble order . . ."

Acidly, in the Ottawa House of Commons, St. Laurent replied: "When one notes this clumsy but deliberate attempt to smear the ministers representing the Province of Quebec in the country's government and remembers that he is preparing for a provincial election one can only deplore that Mr. Duplessis should expect such tactics

to win for him from well-informed sources anything but contempt."

Even so, St. Laurent would not risk losing Liberal votes in Quebec by demanding that Duplessis should hand over the treasures to the federal government. Perhaps he had still not made up his mind what he should do with them.

It was not until 1949, more than a year after the Duplessis incident, that Canadians discovered the federal government had stopped hedging and finally settled on a policy.

Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, Canada's

permanent delegate to the United Nations, told the General Assembly in New York that the matter of the Polish art treasures should be settled in Canadian courts. The federal government endorsed this view and since then has several times urged the Warsaw Poles to take Canadian civil-court action.

It may be that the Warsaw Poles refrain from taking legal action against the London Poles because they are afraid of losing, but some lawyers are convinced that if the case went to the Supreme Court of Canada the Warsaw Poles would get a decision in their

favor. Or it may be that the Warsaw Poles refuse to take legal action because as long as the case remains unsettled they enjoy an effective propaganda weapon.

Today the Polish art treasures remain physically secure but culturally impotent in the vaults of the Quebec Provincial Museum and the Bank of Montreal in Ottawa. Periodically they are inspected by representatives of the London Poles and so far have come to no harm.

The London Poles of Canada, nervous of the political furore they have



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caused in a country which has given most of them shelter, lie low in the dispute and evade questions. Polkowski, for example, has consistently denied any part in the switching around of the treasure. Today he is correspondent in Ottawa for Polish-language newspapers published outside the iron curtain. His old colleague, Swierz-Zaleski, is reported to have died soon after his return to Poland two years ago. His old superior Waclaw Babinski now lectures at the Université de Montréal and refuses to make any statement for publication.

The writer cannot mention the names of a dozen other London Poles interviewed because all of them fear reprisals against relatives still in Poland.

The London Poles are still organized in England and still recognized by a few small countries in South America and Asia. At the moment of writing Gen. Kasimierz Sosnkowski, who has been farming in Ontario since the end of the war, is in England seriously considering an invitation to become its new president.

Since nowadays this government is generally overlooked it finds the argument about the treasures a good medium for drawing attention to its existence. London Poles in Ottawa insist however that it is sincere in its claims to the treasure and ready to submit those claims to the decision of an international court.

The Warsaw Poles continue to make regular statements through the Press to the effect that the treasures are being moved around from place to place, are doomed to destruction through lack of proper care and that the Canadian government is intent on filching them for itself.

Duplessis meanwhile hangs onto his part of the treasures because they bolster his claims as the defender of the Roman Catholic faith, the champion anti-Communist of Canada and the sturdy protector of provincial rights.

Lawyers say that the only alternative to a decision by the Canadian courts is a decision by an international court. The United Nations has just such a court in The Hague, Holland. Until the federal government demands the treasures from Duplessis and hands them over for disposal by the International Court of Justice at The Hague, the deadlock is likely to continue. And so is the propaganda.

A few days before last Christmas two Quebec City boys walking across the Plains of Abraham saw a man digging a tunnel near the base of the grey stone Provincial Museum. Police found a tunnel eight feet deep and seven feet long, pointing in the direction of the vaults where the treasures are housed.

Once more there was a minor sensation in the papers and this time a newcomer leaped onto the propagandist bandwagon. He was Quebec City's Pat Walsh, a labor organizer who had recently resigned from the Communist Party and made a number of "revelations" about its activities. Walsh told reporters on this occasion that there was a Communist plot to seize the treasures. He said that Communists had visited the museum in 1950 and had drawn up careful plans of the area round the vaults.

But finally police found and questioned the tunnel digger. He said that through the medium of the ouija board he had been promised by departed spirits that if he dug long enough and deep enough outside the museum he would stumble upon riches.

The rest of his conversation was sufficient to convince the police that far from being a sinister Communist agent the man, appropriately enough for the termination of this curious story, was a harmless crackpot. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

was with more than ordinary interest that we heard that the Coronation play would be Shakespeare's Henry VIII and that Elizabeth and Philip would attend the opening performance. Merely as a matter of routine I was sent the customary two tickets allotted to dramatic critics.

There was a real South Bank hilarity as the audience arrived in immaculate evening dress and the Cockney youngsters commented irreverently upon the splendor of it all. A policeman on a placid horse gazed imperturbably upon the revelry. Other policemen diverted the traffic to avoid congestion but there could not have been less pomp if it had been a welcome for a local mayor.

Inside the theatre, however, there was a distinguished audience—not so much of socialites but of people who hold high place in the world of the arts. Wisely the theatre opened its top gallery only to the "regulars."

Fifteen minutes after the audience was seated the Queen and her Consort arrived and advanced to their place in the front of the circle. It is traditional to flatter royalty but I must say Elizabeth looked fresh, young and sweet. She is still a girl although a wife, a mother and a Queen. Philip, who had just won his wings as an RAF pilot, looked fit and well, and managed to suggest with some subtlety that while he was only the Consort he was the young lady's undoubted husband. After the National Anthem (I wonder if the Queen ever tires of that tune) we applauded loud and long and then turned to the business of the night, the story of Henry VIII who sired the first Elizabeth.

The Duke Gets a Ribbing

It is not a great play, which is probably one of the reasons it is performed so seldom, but then the purists say that Shakespeare shared the authorship with Fletcher. However, we were not so concerned with the authorship as with the drama within the drama—a queen of England watching the amorous antics of a king of England.

The coronation of Henry and Anne Boleyn is not shown on the stage but we hear the comment of one of the actors who, wiping his forehead, said that he had come from the Abbey which was so crowded you could not get another finger into the place. When another actor, gazing at the audience while he supposedly watched the coronation procession, asked who that fellow was on the horse, and his friend answered, "Duke of Norfolk, him that wants to be called Earl Marshal," the house nearly collapsed with laughter. I admit it is a local joke, but then London is a sort of village. The Earl Marshal, in charge of everything to do with Elizabeth's coronation, is the present Duke of Norfolk.

In the interval Henry VIII was presented to the Queen who had her own ideas upon the make-up and costume which were based upon Holbein's famous portrait. And so on the South Bank we watched the rest of the fascinating family album evening and the Queen took her departure.

It had been great fun and even the policeman's stolid horse flicked an ear as Elizabeth and Philip drove away to the shrill screams of ten small boys who were staying up much too late.

But we were not finished with royalty on the stage. The very next night we were bidden to the opening performance of Noel Coward's revival

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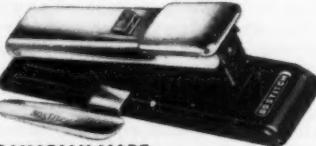


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of Shaw's *The Apple Cart* at the lovely Haymarket Theatre. Noel is still a great draw.

Certainly the audience on this occasion provided a gossip writer's dream. Here was the Duchess of Kent, for once rather drably dressed — or so it seemed to my nonprofessional eye. Lady Astor, home from her bout with Senator McCarthy, was full of memories of Bernard Shaw. Claudette Colbert looked extraordinarily pretty, and Douglas Fairbanks, who has been knighted over here but cannot use the title unless he gives up his American citizenship, carried himself with the pensive modesty of semi-royalty.

Sam Goldwyn was peculiarly silent, Gilbert Miller was peculiarly talkative, and even the dramatic critics looked as if at any moment they might enjoy themselves. As for peers and peeresses they were dotted all over the place.

And what is the theme of this twenty-five-year-old play which, incidentally, I attended at its birth when Cedric Hardwicke played the leading role? It is the story of an imaginary king of England in the 1920s defending his throne against a rebellious parliament.

With an utter lack of reticence Shaw invaded the palace with a satirist's pen but, in fairness, he used the same pen with devastating effect upon the politicians. In the last act Shaw unleashes his great moment, which, strangely, is far more topical today than when it was written. The king, waiting for a showdown with the prime minister and his cabinet, is visited urgently by the American ambassador.

His news is sensational. The government of Washington has decided to revert to the former status of British colonies! The frontier between Canada and the U.S.A. is to be abolished. In fact all frontiers in the Commonwealth and Empire are to be abolished. Americans and their dollars are to flow freely wherever the British flag flies. The only concession they ask is that the king shall now be called emperor.

Is it satire? Certainly. Is it prophecy? Undoubtedly Shaw's vivid mind was penetrating the future. Today America has permanent bases on British territory. Australia, New Zealand and the U.S. have concluded a defense pact without even asking Britain to send an observer. But what did Shaw's king have to say to the ambassador? An emphatic NO!

Shaw, the Irishman, was supposed to have despised the English but that was only a pose. He seldom left England and never went to Ireland if he could help it. And certainly in the climax of *The Apple Cart* he puts

into the mouth of the king such words of tender yet proud understanding that would move the most ardent English-baiter to silence.

They say that Shaw is dead because he is in his grave. It is not true. He will live when most of his contemporaries are mere names in books of reference. Only one other writer, William Shakespeare, had a greater sense of the music of language and its orchestration. Again and again at the Haymarket I found myself being moved to emotion by the cadence and color of the words, for like all great writers Shaw could alchemize prose into poetry.

But I don't suppose the play, in spite of the popularity of Noel Coward, will run for more than a couple of months. There is still a feeling that one should not be made to think in the theatre.

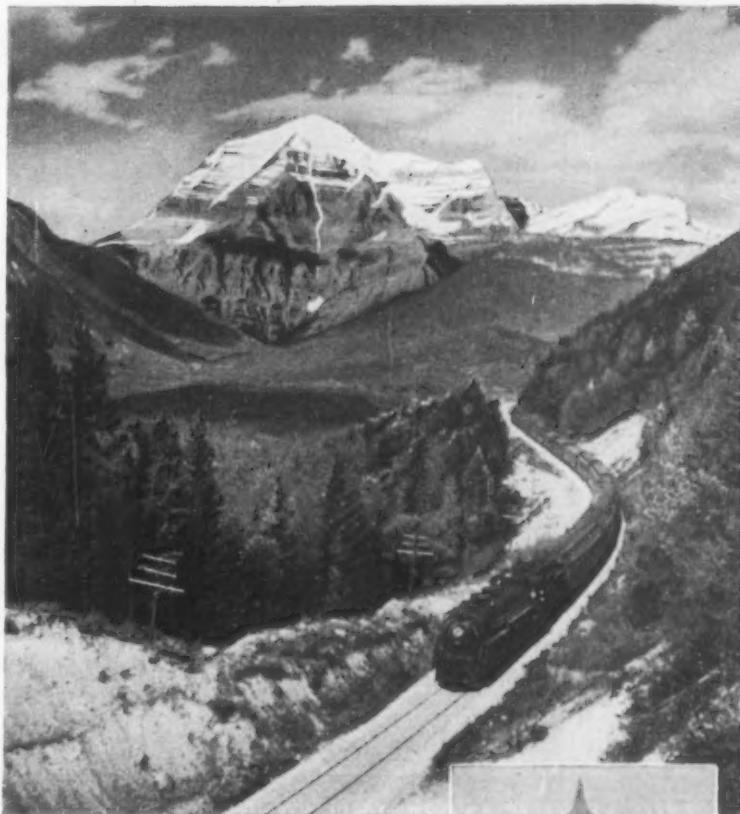
But the pageantry did not end with Shakespeare and Shaw. The very next night there was the gala premiere of the film, *Gilbert and Sullivan*, followed by a huge party at the Savoy Theatre which was originally built to house those famous operettas.

I must say that theatre seats are not an ideal arrangement for taking liquid and solid refreshments, but we did our best. Sir Alexander Korda, the Hungarian who was knighted early in the war by Churchill for making the film of *Nelson* and *Lady Hamilton*, moved among his guests with a pensive, smiling melancholy. The *Gilbert and Sullivan* film had cost an awful lot of money and it has yet to demonstrate whether the younger generation on both sides of the Atlantic will care a hoot about sailing the ocean blue or taking a pair of sparkling eyes.

So I return to the beginning of my theme — the part that the theatre plays in the life of London. On successive nights we had listened to Shakespeare on the South Bank where he lit the lamp of his immortality, we had seen the cantankerous genius of Bernard Shaw decry the accusation that he died for ever when his body was lowered to the grave, and we had drunk the health of *Gilbert and Sullivan* on the very stage that saw the first performance of their operettas.

Yes, there are compensations in living at the heart of things, even if the milling crowds and murky fogs sometimes send one's mind philandering with the idea of a house on a hill in Canada overlooking a lake or the sea, where the majesty of nature provides its own cathedral, and the immemorial rocks look with disdain upon our fleeting tenancy of the good earth. ★

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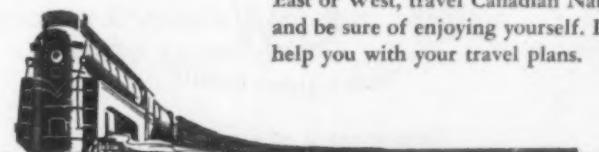
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How to Kill Yourself This Summer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

her, in an insane strangle hold, he made a wild struggle to free himself, got loose and headed for shore, kicking his girl friend in the face in his frantic take off. The old waterman arrived in time to reach down out of his boat, till his cheek was almost touching the water, fish around thoughtfully, catch the girl by the hair just as she was settling to the bottom for good, and pull her back up into the sunlight. When he got the water out of her, and she looked up into his wise, kindly, but mildly cynical sky-blue eyes, he gave her a quiet piece of advice. He said, "Now you see what your friends will do."

You probably won't know that the best way for a layman to try to help someone in trouble is to get behind the victim, tread water and frog kick and try to work into shore with both of you upright in the water. You most likely carry with you a vague picture of rescuing someone, stroking along with one arm wrapped heroically around the victim's chest, maybe smiling at the crowd on the beach. Unless you're an expert, and probably not even then, it won't be like that. As one old-timer put it: "Did you ever try to hold someone on their back on the floor when they had a few drops of tea stuck in their throat?" Drowning people don't want to be hauled on their back. They want to turn over and try to breathe. They'll try to do it in a split second, without discussion. They'll also grab you with a strength you didn't know the human body possessed. A two-hundred-pound athlete showed me the marks on his arm left a week before by a frail youth who had simply gripped him with the fingers of one hand. There were five distinct welts, one for each finger and the thumb. All were a mixture of dark-green, purple and orange.

You'll be inclined to think that life-guards are a bunch of spoilsports who don't realize that you have eyes and common sense of your own, unless you happen to glimpse the steady, resolute face of one through the first green curtains of death, and feel yourself being miraculously untangled from its folds. Then you'll want to build a shrine to him, for a few hours anyway. After that, you'll probably be like most people, figure the whole thing was a fluke and do the same damnfool thing all over again.

You'll think, I mightn't be a life-guard but I have brains enough to know fair weather when I see it. You won't know where to look for a storm, or even what to look for. One soft-spoken weather-wrinkled lifeguard told me of a time a few years ago when he was the only one on a summer-crowded beach who noticed two tiny white clouds coming out of the northwest into a clear blue sky like two witches on broomsticks. There was a man in a canoe a mile out. The guard made for him. He roared up to him in his motor boat, in water as flat as glass, shouted for him to paddle to shore for all he was worth. The canoe laughed and lay back in the canoe. The guard told him once more and headed back to worry about a lot of other people. Fifteen minutes later the blue sky had disappeared. The water was a slashing careening green-and-white maelstrom. The old man headed out through it looking for the cancer who laughed. He found him three miles out. He wasn't laughing. The guard spent the first few minutes just trying to stop him talking to himself. When he did, the cancer explained shakily that he had

thought the guard was only fooling! You'll probably try a few other standard ways of drowning yourself. You'll swim off a boat that can drift away and leave you alone in the middle of the lake; dive into unknown waters; get so excited about getting a fish into the boat that you'll fall out of it; and go out in a boat when you're tight. This is a very good way to drown yourself, as you won't even feel any pain.

But drowning isn't the only way to kill yourself this summer. You'll smoke while filling your outboard. You'll let the bilge get primed with fuel oil and gas then toss a match into it. You'll be surprised, or would be if you had time to think it over, that gasoline doesn't burn in the usual sense. It explodes in one horrible lightning-quick flash. You'll leave fuel oil, paint and other inflammable things around your cottage, or if you're really simple-minded, you'll put it in a shack that leans up

FALSE ECONOMY

Our lawn is not to ramble on—
The grass is sparse indeed;
There isn't much to gambol
on—
We gambled on the seed!

IVAN J. COLLINS

against the cottage and figure you've got rid of it. You'll drop coal oil around when you light your space heater, make do with an old toaster with a cord so frizzled it looks like angora wool, and get a good old wood fire crackling in the fireplace and go to bed without putting a screen around it.

If the cottage catches fire — and there's no reason why it won't — you'll do what most people do: pass up three good ways of escape to leave by the front door. If you happen to get out, you'll run back in to save your pants or something, figuring that there's no danger as long as you keep away from the flames. You won't know that people who die in fires often are not touched by flame. They die of colorless, odorless carbon-monoxide gas that spreads out from the fire.

If there are saddle horses near your cottage you'll probably go riding in moccasins or other beach shoes so that in an emergency, and you'll have plenty, your foot will slip right through the stirrup. You'll forget that you're on something live, nervous, powerful and sharp-sighted that can see movement faster than you can. When it bolts you'll fall backward, your foot will go through the stirrup so that when you fall off you'll dangle by one foot and knock your brains out handily.

You'll probably be on an extra lively horse, because when the stableman asks you whether you've done much riding before you'll do what almost everybody does — lie about it.

One girl told a Toronto stableman last year, "Ride! Why my grandfather owns one of the biggest ranches in Alberta."

"Where is it?" the stableman asked.
"I don't know," the girl said, indignantly.

The stableman told her that as far as he could see, that was like saying you were a great musician because you once got hit over the head with a piano.

In fact, in the opinion of most men who spend their lives trying to save the lives of others, getting hit on the head with something seems about the only explanation for the way you'll try to kill yourself this summer. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

proposals, radically different from the proposals Washington had accepted (along with fifty-three other UN governments) in the Indian resolution of last December.

At the time the Indian resolution was flatly rejected by Stalin's spokesman at United Nations, and thereupon by Red China. But in April, Stalin was dead. The Communist attitude changed. They did not openly reverse their position on the Indian resolution—that would have been too great a loss of face—but they did come out with an eight-point proposal of their own.

In Canada's view the Communist eight-point proposal did not differ from the Indian resolution in any important particular. It could have been accepted. Instead, to Ottawa's astonishment and dismay, the American truce team offered "counter-proposals" which neither Canada nor any other United Nations government had ever seen before. They differed from the previously agreed terms in three important respects:

- They proposed different treatment for Chinese and North Korean prisoners of war, something which had never been suggested before by either side. North Koreans who didn't want to go home were to be set free at once in South Korea.

- The Indian resolution had provided that after an agreed interval the question of unrepatriated prisoners of war would be referred to the political conference which would follow the armistice. The U. S. counter-proposals made no mention of any political conference.

- Instead, the counter-proposal was that all prisoners of war who still refused repatriation after a stated interval should be automatically released without further ado. (The Indian resolution had referred the matter for ultimate disposal, if necessary, to the United Nations General Assembly.)

Ottawa regarded the new American offer as preposterous. Why treat the North Koreans differently from the Chinese, for instance?

"Why, they're Koreans—they'd fade right into the landscape in South Korea," Washington explained.

"Fade into the landscape, hell," was one Canadian rejoinder. "You know perfectly well that Syngman Rhee would pop them right into his South Korean army, *en bloc*."

In any case Washington cheerfully admitted that two of the three new features had been inserted in the counter-proposals because "Syngman Rhee insisted." The third was put in at the insistence of Congressional leaders like Senator William Knowland, deputy majority leader and a devoted friend of Chiang Kai-shek.

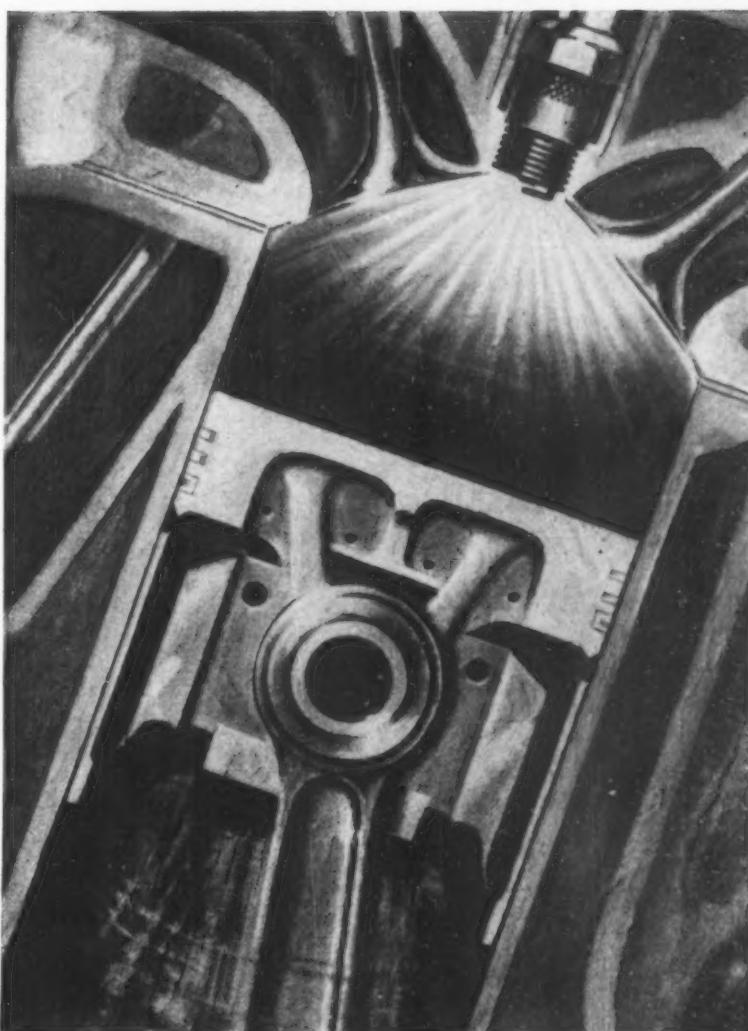
This admission drew an unusually blunt reply from Ottawa—even more so, in fact, than the replies from Britain. But both nations' reaction boiled down to the same ultimatum: If truce negotiations are broken off as a result of these new stipulations of yours, we are getting out. You'll have to make up your mind whether you're dealing with the United Nations or with Senator Knowland and Syngman Rhee.

SO MUCH FOR the gloomy side of the Korean armistice story. There is a bright side which may turn out to be much more typical. The bright side of the story is the emergence of President Eisenhower from the cautious silence he had preserved almost since his election. Ottawa gives Eisenhower personal credit for the quick succession of "concessions" which brought the United States back to the position it had accepted last December. He appears to have had a showdown not only with Syngman Rhee but also with the China Lobby spokesmen in the U. S. Senate, a showdown all the more auspicious because it seems to have been carried out with a minimum of fuss, furore and hard feelings.

The President was settling disputes behind the scenes at the same time as he was having his public disagreements with Senator Taft, who'd like the U. S. to assume a "free hand" in Asia, and with the Senate Appropriations Committee which threatened to bankrupt the United Nations if Red China were ever admitted. With Taft he merely agreed to disagree; the Appropriations Committee he persuaded to his way of thinking and the Red China rider was dropped.

President Eisenhower also demonstrated his powers of persuasion in a completely different but important field. Representative Richard Simpson, the Pennsylvania Republican who sponsored a series of crippling amendments to the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, agreed not only to withdraw his original bill but to be the sponsor of another bill, extending the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act in virtually its previous form for another year. True, this doesn't mean that a Republican Congress has been converted to free trade, but it does mean the White House can quiet some of the congressional wild men when it really wants to.

The President still has a long way to go before he fully recaptures the control of foreign policy which the U. S. constitution assigns to the executive branch, but which Senator Joe McCarthy *et al.* have gone so far toward usurping. But he has shown that his friendly quiet approach to Congress can be just as effective as a stern one, and—perhaps most important of all—he has proved again that he is the strongest figure and the dominant figure in Washington, the capital of the free world. ★



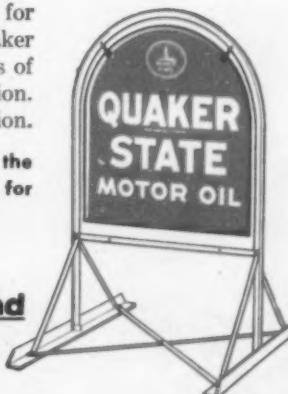
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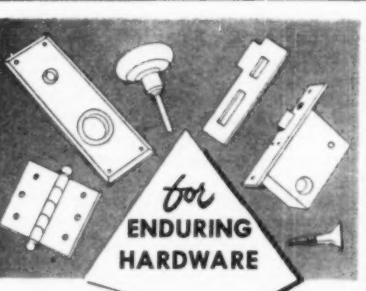
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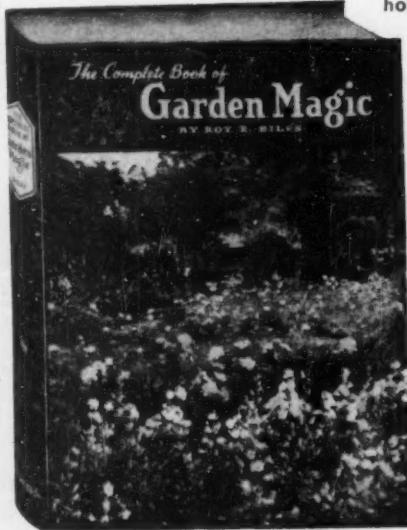
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The Fastest Woman in the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

She remembers trying to run away with a band of gypsies but they would have none of her. At eight she ran away with a pint-sized circus. One morning the roustabouts packed up and deserted her as she overslept in a ditch near Columbus, Ga. She walked to a cotton mill where she got a job pushing a handcart and picking up waste at four dollars and fifty cents a week for the twelve-hour night shift.

When the mill hands went on strike she marched with them and threw rocks at cops although she says, "I didn't know what it was all about." She worked in the cotton mill and boarded in nearby shacks until she was thirteen. A long strike reduced her to skin and bone and she had to look for another job or starve. She found one as general help in a shabby beauty parlor. When she was fourteen she was dressing clients' hair so well the proprietor moved her to a bigger, better parlor in Pensacola. At fifteen she was in a beauty parlor in a department store in Montgomery, Ala., and earning thirty-five dollars a week on commission, more than the manager got.

With that affluence she bought a Model T and drove out to the residential district of Montgomery. There she picked out a big house and knocked at the door. She asked the woman who answered to take her as a boarder. The woman seemed stunned. Jackie explained she had never lived in a nice house and would like to live in this one. The woman took her in.

Jackie got on well with the family and decided that gracious living suited her. She got tough about protecting her standards of life. At nineteen she was a radiant blonde and one of the most highly paid operators in the Miami beauty salon operated during the winter season by Antoine of Saks Fifth Avenue. Later she was moved to New York where she dressed the hair of society women and selected her dates carefully.

Around 1930 at a night-club party she sat next to Floyd Odlum, whose parents were born in Ontario—the mother at Wingham and the father at Woodstock. A few years before, Odlum had scraped up thirty-nine thousand dollars. He predicted accurately the date and extent of the depression and by handling his capital accordingly he

turned the thousands into as many millions.

Jackie says she fell in love with him at first sight. But Odlum was then married to Hortense McQuarrie, a chic woman who ran the Bonwit Teller department store for one of her husband's subsidiary companies.

Jackie told Odlum her ambition was to own her own cosmetics company and travel around peddling its wares. He said: "To do that efficiently you should fly." She replied: "I will."

On her summer vacation she went out to Roosevelt Field and took lessons from a pilot called Husky Llewellyn. On the second day she saw another pupil pilot crash to his death. Next day she flew solo. Llewellyn says: "She was a born flyer and one of the smartest gals in the air I ever saw."

Equipped with what she considered an essential asset for going into business — a pilot's license — Jackie established her cosmetic company. (A weary secretary later recalled that Jackie "worked all the time, even dictating letters in her bathtub.") She flew from city to city promoting her products. But flying soon became more than an efficient means of transportation. She became fascinated by sheer speed and took up air racing as a hobby. By 1936, when Odlum was divorced and could marry Jackie, she was more famous than her rich husband. She is proud of the fact that Jacqueline Cochran Inc. never received any assistance from Odlum.

In 1934 she entered the London-to-Melbourne air race. Over Rumania her aircraft ran into trouble. Her male co-pilot wanted them both to bail out. "And lose this ship?" she said. "Not on your life!" With Jackie handling the almost uncontrollable plane they hit a field at more than a hundred miles an hour. The two walked shakily away from the crash.

She became the first woman to enter the annual cross-country Bendix races. In 1937 she was third. In 1938 she won.

In 1939, at Palm Springs, she reached an altitude of 30,052 feet, higher than any other woman had ever been. At Indianapolis she dived eight thousand feet when her motor caught fire. She blew out the fire but couldn't pull out of the dive completely. She bumped down at 125 mph. Another time at Indianapolis she crashed on landing. Fire engines and an ambulance raced up. Jackie greeted them with: "Say, can any of you see a cute little traveling bag?"

The war put an end to racing. But Jacqueline Cochran would not stay on

THE PROFESSOR

His head's a dome of prominent
Protuberances, clearly meant
To house the harvest of a sage,
Yet, captive to a modern age,
He must, with weary patience, reel
The centuries backward, try to peel
The present from the puerile mind,
Leading rebellious thought to find
Reality in classic themes
Of praetors, consuls, quinqueremes;

He must suppress those thunders of
Of vague, colossal, ancient wings,
Which fan, for him, continually,
The living spark of history;
Thus, punctual, in wind and rain,
He takes his book bag and his brain
To morning classes, where he prods
Dance-drowsy youth to name the gods
Of Plato's Greece, and Cato's Rome,
Drags on his rubbers, and goes home.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



MACLEAN'S

was mad as hell because in Montreal she had had to have injections. One of these had raised a big infected lump. It wasn't the pain—it was just that injections had not been part of her flight plan." Jackie flew the big bomber most of the way across. Every year since, Jackie has sent Carlisle dates from her ranch at Christmas, and Carlisle has sent her Vermont Maple syrup.

When they landed at Prestwick a reporter wrote that Jackie refused to emerge from the plane until she had changed out of flying kit. "I dressed in the plane," Jackie explains now, "because I didn't think there'd be a 'ladies' at the primitive Prestwick airport of those days."

She left for London carrying fifteen pairs of nylons for British girl pilots. There she joined the Air Transport Auxiliary in which her friend Amy Johnson was serving. Amy was killed doing the same job as Jackie—delivering new Spitfires to the airfields and flying shot-up Spitfires back to the factories.

Jackie gloried in her hazardous job but she managed to find time for some social life. She frequently dined out with parties of RAF officers and their girl friends and always insisted on picking up the check, to the considerable embarrassment of the men.

She also managed to keep half an eye on her perfume business. One day when she landed a badly mauled Spitfire at a factory field a glamour-struck officer gasped and said: "Why this must be your shining hour." Jackie's reaction startled him. She said: "Shining hour! What a name for a perfume!" She rushed off to cable her New York office to trademark the name. Shining Hour perfume has been selling well ever since.

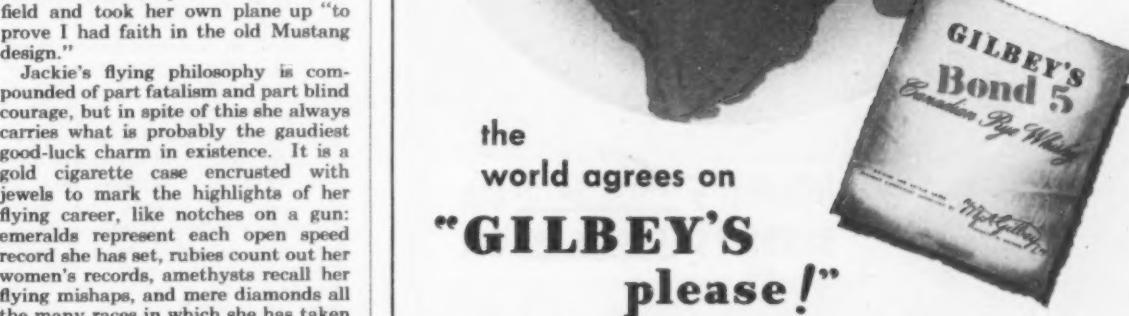
After the war she bought an old P-51 Mustang prop fighter, shortened its wings, increased its fuel capacity, souped up its engine and began breaking records again.

Between 1947 and 1948 she set new records for three, sixteen, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and two thousand kilometres. Her average speeds over these distances ranged between 412 and 469 mph. In every flight she tested aircraft equipment and provided manufacturers with valuable data. Every year between 1937 and 1949 she was awarded the coveted Harmon Trophy of the International League of Aviators as the "most outstanding woman pilot in the world."

During these postwar years Al Lilley, a Canadair official and former test pilot, saw Jackie give a remarkable demonstration of her courage. Bill Odom, the pilot who in 1947 flew around the world with Milton Reynolds, Chicago pen manufacturer, was flying a souped-up Mustang similar to Jackie's in a speed test. He made too tight a turn around a pylon, crashed and died. Jackie immediately strode across the field and took her own plane up "to prove I had faith in the old Mustang design."

Jackie's flying philosophy is compounded of part fatalism and part blind courage, but in spite of this she always carries what is probably the gaudiest good-luck charm in existence. It is a gold cigarette case encrusted with jewels to mark the highlights of her flying career, like notches on a gun: emeralds represent each open speed record she has set, rubies count out her women's records, amethysts recall her flying mishaps, and mere diamonds all the many races in which she has taken part.

In 1951, while Jacqueline Cochran was still trying to tinker more speed into her old Mustang, Jacqueline Auriol, mother of two children, and then thirty-four, borrowed a British-built



charles blondin's secret

Funambulists still talk about Blondin's secret. Funambulists are—as you know, of course—tight-rope walkers. The greatest was probably Charles Blondin, otherwise known as *The Little Wonder*.

On June 30, 1859, before 25,000 startled people, he walked a tight-rope across Niagara Falls, a dizzy 160 feet above the water, and he took only five minutes for the trip. On July 4, he crossed blindfold, trundling a wheelbarrow. On August 19, he crossed with a man on his back. On September 14, 1860, he crossed on stilts in the presence of the Prince of Wales. But his most extraordinary feat was yet to come.

Blondin, defying all laws of probability, carried a stove to the middle of the swaying tight-rope, sat down, then made and ate an omelette! What was his secret?

Funambulists will tell you it was balance. Sounds simple... but it doesn't come easily. Years of practice and concentration are required. Balance is a magic word, whether you're a funambulist or a brewer of fine ale. Molson's, who brew the very finest, were hewing to the line of quality, integrity and proper balance of malt, hops and water, with an important assist from yeast almost three-quarters of a century before Blondin performed his daring feats. If it's perfect balance you are after you could try tight-rope walking. Funambulism, though, is very difficult. Much easier, and much more satisfying, is a simpler method. Just say, "Make Mine Molson's".

the ground. She had never gone beyond addition and subtraction in school but she took a course with North East Airlines and in a few weeks passed the stiff navigational tests which qualified her to fly the biggest planes anywhere in the world.

In June 1941 Grafton Carlisle, a young pilot from Burlington, Vt., who was ferrying Lockheed Hudson bombers from Montreal to Prestwick, Scotland, was staggered when told that on his next trip his co-pilot would be a woman. What Carlisle did not know was that Jackie had wangled the assignment because her husband was presenting the bomber anonymously to Britain.

"As soon as I saw her," says Carlisle, "I realized she was a woman who knew exactly where she was going and who charted every inch of her course. She

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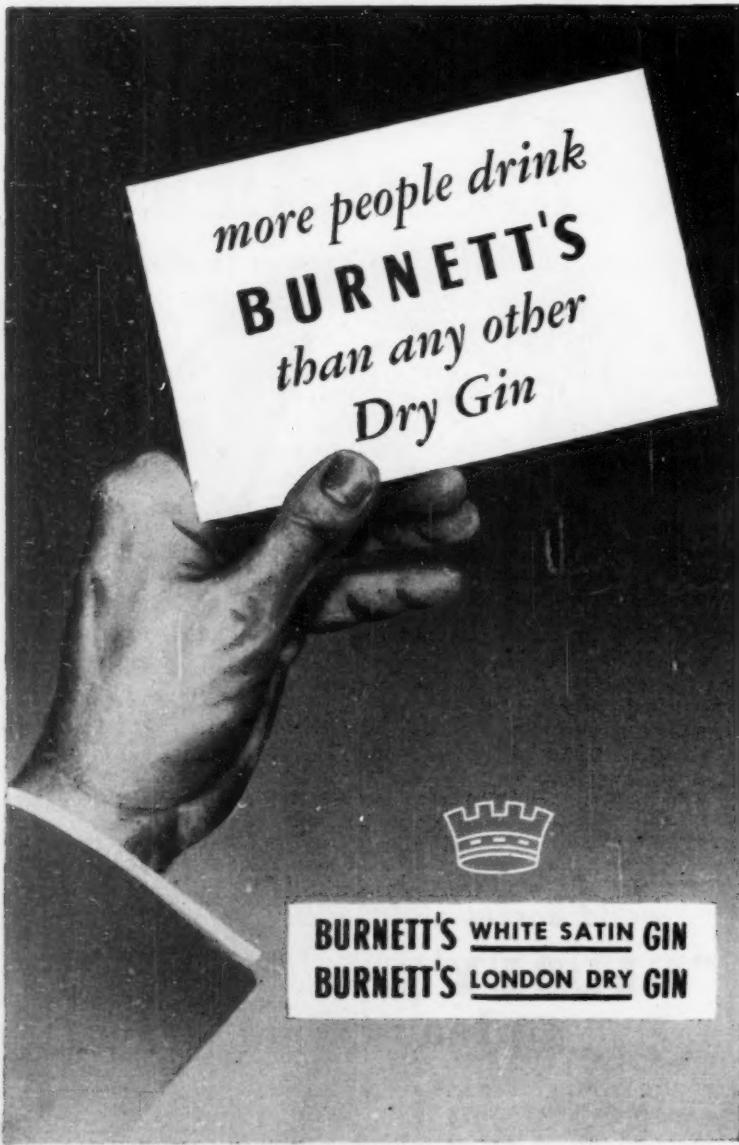
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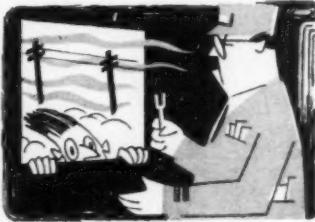


By PAUL STEINER Drawings by Ken Zealley

A cat owned by a Prescott, Ont., housewife liked to quench its thirst by drinking from a goldfish bowl and never once disturbed the fish. The other day the fish bit the cat.

Police in Vancouver brought swearing and fighting charges against Jack Goody.

Don Hall, of Victoria, B.C., once caught a train at Vancouver, Wash., and had to ride fourteen miles at seven miles an hour hanging outside the bolted door. He explained, after he caught his breath, "In Europe, when you grab a train door, it opens. I thought it would here, too."



At Prince Albert, Sask., a baby girl with two perfectly formed front teeth was born to the wife of a dentist.

In Port Alberni, B.C., the hunting dogs of an ace cougar hunter made friends with and adopted five cougar kittens.



A Toronto man, hauled into court for growing marijuana in his back yard, explained that he used the stuff only to mix with bird seed he fed to his canaries, because it made the birds sing oftener and more sweetly than ever before.

When Joseph Wood emigrated to Toronto in 1905 from Farnworth, England, he expected to see a friend named Bob Farrow who had gone to Canada a few years earlier. Wood later moved to a smaller town but although he visited Toronto every year he could never find his childhood friend. Last year Wood went back to Farnworth on holiday and ran into Farrow in a local pub — also on vacation from Canada.

R. A. Wardle, chairman of the zoology department at the University of Manitoba, announced that a hog in the house would make a useful pet, and went on to say that he sees no reason "why, in time, we should not have some quite desirable varieties of pigs sitting on our doorsteps."



A few months ago thieves broke into a tannery in St. Catharines, Ont., and stole seventy-five dollars' worth of leather laces. The other night they broke in again and put them back.

Vampire jet from the French Air Force and broke Jacqueline Cochran's hundred-kilometre record. *Mme Auriol* had just recovered from two years of plastic surgery for the replacement of a nose, jaw and two ears torn off in a crash into the Seine. But Jackie Cochran could not let sentiment or friendship stand in her way. She wanted her record back. After all, she reasoned, the surgeons had done a miraculous job on Jacqueline Auriol and she was a beautiful woman again. With Diana Moggeridge she represented a challenge to Jackie's dearest wish—to be the first woman through the sound barrier.

Having been refused use of an American jet Jackie went after a Canadian plane. According to Drew Pearson, Jackie "wheeled" a jet out of the Canadian government "whose officials were more susceptible to her beauty."

The task was a little more complicated than that. Jackie contacted Canadian authorities through her husband who had taken part in the financing of Canadair Ltd. Canadair is owned by the General Dynamics Corporation, of the United States, formerly the Electric Boat Company, a famous builder of submarines. John Jay Hopkins, chairman of both companies, had known Floyd Odlum for twenty years. And he had plenty of Sabre jets.

Hopkins says he reasoned something like this: "In France Jacqueline Auriol had been given a break in a Vampire. Although the Vampire was built by the British and handed over to the French the money for its construction came from the United States under its foreign-aid plan. If a French woman could break an American woman's record in a machine built by American money why shouldn't that American woman be given a chance to win her record back?"

It was not possible for Hopkins just to lend Jackie a Sabre. Nobody has ever defined at what point a Sabre ceases to be the property of Canadair, which manufactures it, and becomes the property of the Canadian government, which orders it. Many doubt whether an aircraft built under government contract is ever the property of its manufacturer. In any event Hopkins sought assent to the loan in official government quarters. Not until then did Jackie meet Curtis at the fateful New York dinner. They were introduced by Hopkins.

Curtis, who was on the point of retirement, knew Jackie's record. She convinced him it would be a good thing to lend her a Sabre. Curtis has since become vice-chairman of the board of directors of A. V. Roe (Canada) Ltd., makers of the Orenda jet engine which powered Jackie's plane. "Look," says Curtis, "here we have a magnificent new Orenda engine, faster than the American Sabre. It is an all-Canadian job and develops more thrust than any other motor of its class in the world, yet the man in the street knows nothing about it."

"At Muroc Field they have all the gadgets for measuring every aspect of an aircraft's performance, facilities we haven't got in Canada. I believed it would be good publicity for the young Canadian aviation industry if a great flier like Jackie Cochran could be first woman through the sound barrier behind one of our engines."

"I saw Brooke Claxton, Minister of Defense, about it and he had misgivings. If Jackie crashed there would be political trouble. But he liked the idea. In the end he didn't actually give his assent but he sort of agreed not to put obstacles in her way."

"The Orenda engines were coming

off the assembly lines well above schedule. If she had smashed the Sabre Canadair, not the Canadian taxpayer, would have had to foot the bill. In any case I believe some kind of insurance was taken out. So Jackie Cochran got her jet and I for one think she put up a marvelous show."

In Montreal Jackie checked out as a jet pilot under the supervision of Al Lilley and Bill Longhurst, now Canadair chief test pilot. To regularize her position she was put on the Canadair payroll as a "part-time flying consultant" and received test-pilot's pay for every day's work. She handed this money over to the RCAF Benevolent Fund. In May she went to Muroc Field accompanied by Longhurst and a squad of other Canadair technicians and pilots. The Canadair pilots put the plane through a series of complicated tests, recording the machine's reactions on electronic instruments. Jackie concentrated on the official speed records.

To achieve maximum speed over various distances different fuel loads had to be carried and measured to the last pint so that no unnecessary weight would slow the plane. At full power Jackie was burning gas at the rate of twelve hundred gallons per hour. For the five-hundred-kilometre run she had to carry wing-tip tanks but even these did not give fuel enough for the distance at full power. "So I had to throttle back," she explained. "Also the wing-tip tanks slowed me down by 40 mph. That's why I could only average 590 mph."

The measuring of the fuel in the tanks was so precise that on landing after each flight she had only two minutes' fuel left. The slightest timing miscalculation would have forced her to land with a dead engine and small chances of survival.

Like Swinging a Cat

As in all other official record attempts Jackie had to fly at no more than two hundred to seven hundred feet above the ground so that her flight could be photographed and timed mechanically to determine her speed to three decimal points. This thunderbolt speed at low altitude meant that the smallest error of judgment would have buried her and her plane thirty feet underground.

During the flights around the twelve pylons marking the one-hundred-kilometre course she was subjected to what Al Lilley calls "continuous 'G'"—meaning an experience similar to being whirled around like a cat by the tail.

The flights provided technicians with valuable new information on aircraft stresses at high speed, on air temperatures, tail-pipe temperatures and several other technical points.

The three supersonic dives were not mere show-offs either. Such dives have been done before by men but Jackie provided the first information on female physical reactions. These were highly important because someday other women will be passing through the sonic barrier and will benefit by her experience. Like the male pilots she had to wear a special G-suit, a tightly laced corset enclosing legs, arms and torso against a possible injury to the body under centrifugal force when pulling out of the dive.

After her record flights Jackie was greeted by Maj. Chuck Yeager, the first man to pass through the sound barrier and live, by Col. Fred J. Ascani, who once held the hundred-kilometre record himself, and by Maj. Slade Nash, whose three-kilometre record Jackie has yet to beat.

"I felt very humble in their presence," she said. "What I did for the Canadian-built Sabre these men are

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doing every day for United States prototype machines." This refers to the fact that while the Cochran records are recognized as "official world's records," military pilots of Canada, the United States, Britain and other countries may be flying at or above Jackie's speeds from time to time, at altitudes of their own choosing. One reason why military pilots do not try for "official" records is that the speed of new military planes is usually kept secret.

After her record flights Jackie wrote a glowing letter of thanks to Air

Marshal Curtis in which she said: "This will let the Canadian people know that they have an engine which is tops in thrust. It is magnificent! Lovely!"

The usually voluble Jackie becomes inarticulate when asked to explain the fascination flight holds for her. But once she said: "Way up at thirty thousand feet is a good place to bring your problems down to size. I suppose the real reason I like to fly fast is to get as far as I can from that old textile mill in Georgia. Being in the sky alone is good for the soul and I have often gone up for no other reason."

"But don't you ever get frightened?" she was asked.

She replied: "I eliminated fear from my system at the age of six when I charged a ghost in a field and found it was a white calf. Lack of fear is nothing to boast about. Probably it is sheer stupidity. But when I get under pressure in the air I usually nibble a sandwich. In any case I don't worry about death. Passing through the mystical veil will be a greater adventure than passing through the sound barrier. And I am sure that what is beyond is better than what is here." ★

A Day in the Operating Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

floor a little boy has just received an injection to prepare him for his heart operation. He is Danny O'Grady. The doctors expect him to be an easy case but within two hours he will be host at the most difficult operation of the day.

At five minutes after eight Dr. William Mustard arrives, as if on cue, to operate on Douwe's heart. Boyish and irrepressible, in spite of his standing as one of the three greatest heart surgeons in the country, he cheerfully wishes everyone a good afternoon—to show he knows he is late—and introduces a tall sombre doctor from Chicago who has come to watch him operate. "Don't tell him anything," he adds. "He's a spy."

Anna Sirek moves over and Mustard inspects the incision. One of Douwe's ribs has been cut away and pushed back with a horseshoe-shaped instrument. The pink wing of the boy's lung flares and collapses with his breathing. Beneath is a pulsing, dark-red mass—the heart. Mustard probes around the heart with his fingers, feeling the openings of the heart to determine where the blood isn't flowing normally.

"I don't feel anything wrong," he comments with concern. "Is this child cyanosed?"

"Yes," answers Anna Sirek in her soft Czech accent. "He is quite blue."

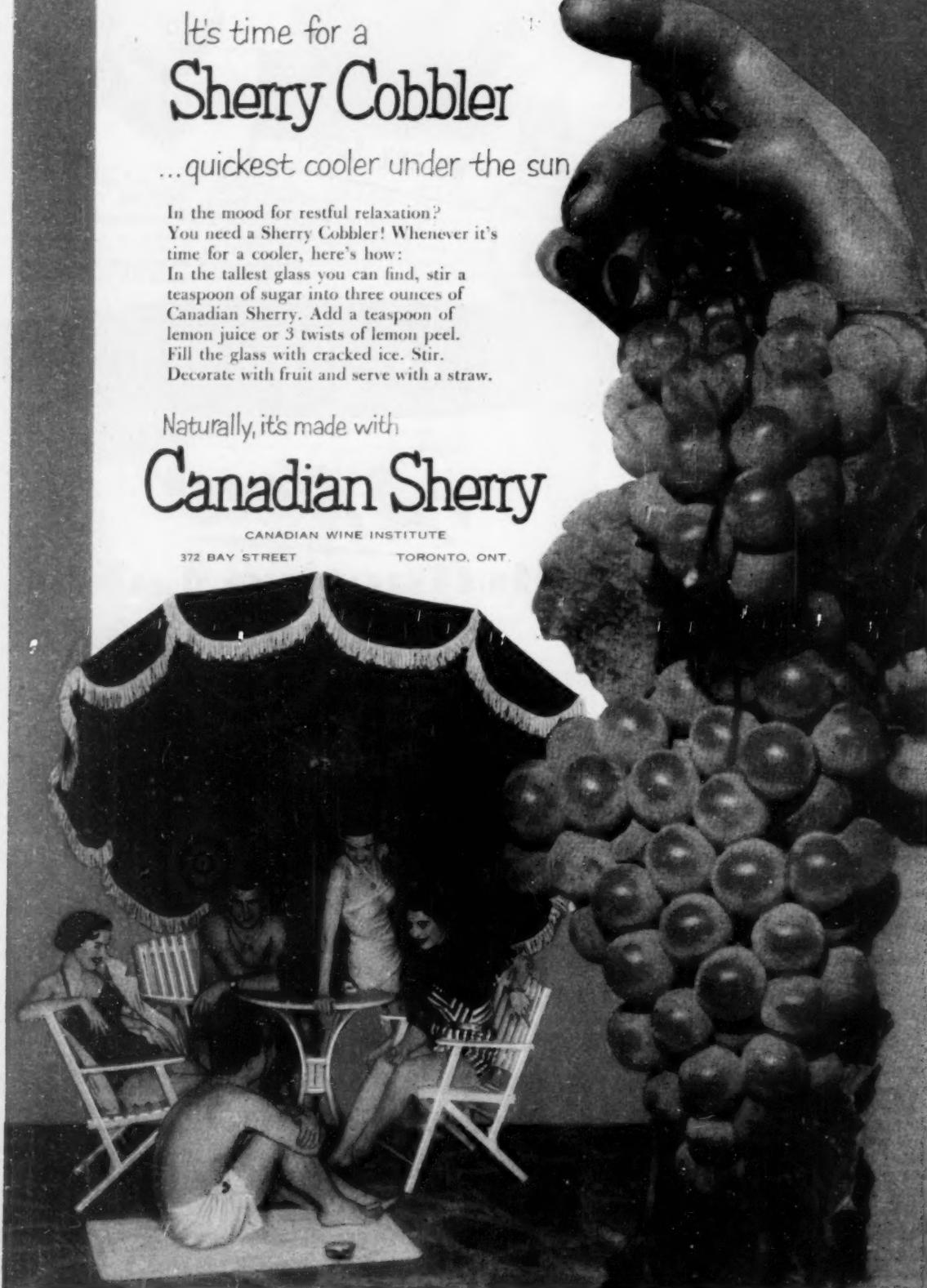
"Here it is," Mustard mutters in relief a moment later. "I don't feel a thrill in this pulmonary." Heart surgeons use the word thrill to describe the feeling of a vein when blood is pulsing through it. The limp pulmonary indicates to the doctor where Douwe's obstruction must be.

With a curved needle Mustard draws two black threads through the wall of the heart, which is beating one hundred times to the minute. "Hold these," he tells the assisting surgeons, handing them the threads, "but don't put too much pressure on them. You can't fool around with a heart." He snicks a cut in the heart between the two threads and the blood spurts out. A suction nozzle in the wound clears it away. Mustard pushes a probe gently through the cut and moves it around inside the heart, feeling for the blockage. This is the so-called "blind" surgery, in which the surgeon relies entirely on his sense of touch.

"There it is!" he murmurs softly. "Just inside the pulmonary valve." He pushes sharply with the probe, clearing the valve, withdraws the probe and begins sewing up the heart. "Feel that pulmonary now, Bob," he tells Salter. "I want you to feel the thrill." Salter presses his finger down under the heart where the surgeon indicates and nods his head. "Yes, sir. The thrill is coarse and heavy now."

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.



As Mustard begins stitching the severed rib back to the centre bone that joins the ribs, a nurse comes in from the adjoining utility room. "They're ready with the hernia in B, Dr. Mustard," she announces. "Have they got him open?" he asks. "Yes, sir." "Okay, I'll go right in," he tells her, adding to his assistants, "You two close him up." They nod and begin stitching Douwe's chest together.

As he rushes out of the operating room, tearing off his gown as he goes, Mustard nearly collides with his chief, Dr. R. M. (Tim) Wansbrough, a big black-haired restless man famous for his abdominal surgery. Wansbrough and Mustard have a good deal in common in their surgical habits, they are both quick and sure, impatient of delay. It is typical of Wansbrough that he has scheduled three appendectomies for himself today only a half hour apart—most surgeons take an hour to remove an appendix.

In the operating room next to the one into which Wansbrough strides, Dr. William Keith, Sick Children's noted neurosurgeon, is just finishing an operation to put a brain plate over a skull defect. Lately Keith has been doing remarkable work tapping brain hemorrhages in four- or five-day-old babies, draining off the blood to prevent a brain injury that would have made the child a spastic. Another operation he has developed is for hydrocephalus, children born with fluid around their brain. Keith inserts a tube under the skull, runs it down through the shoulder and leaves its open end to draw spinal fluid into the abdomen, effectively draining the head. As a final touch he estimates how tall the child will grow and leaves enough extra tubing in the body to accommodate its expected height.

Four to Hold a Five-Year-Old

In the next operating room the plastic surgeon, Dr. A. W. Farmer, is grafting some skin on the left thigh of a seven-year-old boy who tipped a kettle on himself. Much of Farmer's work is done on the victims of accidental burns, but six or eight times a year he gets an infant born with no skin on its abdomen. "Nothing there but a membrane," says a doctor, describing the peculiarity. "You can see in like a window."

Some nurses pass in the hall outside Farmer's operating room, laughing about the five-year-old hernia patient who has been cursing them with the authority of a sailor. "He's covered with bruises," one of them chuckles. "I'll bet he gets in ten fights a day. It took four of us to hold him for the anaesthetic."

In the waiting room where the children are kept until the operating rooms are ready Jessie Smithers has begun her day. A sweet-faced middle-aged woman in the pink smock of a ward aid, her love for children is so warm and sincere that she has never met a child so frightened she couldn't comfort him. Insurance companies, toy factories and doctors' families keep the room stocked with handsome toys. In five years Jessie has developed an instinct for children's taste in toys.

"You can't just push toys at children at first," she warns. "They are strange and must get used to me and the room. I talk for a while, get them relaxed, and then give them something to play with."

A nurse wheels another bed into the crowded room. "Here is Danny O'Grady, Jessie," she calls. "We just can't get him to smile." Danny is six and has spiky red hair, a sunburned nose and freckles. The blue tone of his skin under the freckles is mute testimony that he is the next heart opera-

tion. In his fear he has retreated behind a set stiff face; only his eyes show that he is scared.

"Hello, Danny," Jessie says lovingly. "What have they been doing to you, eh? They've got these covers all mussed up. Let me straighten them. Now, do you see that big rabbit in the corner? That great big rabbit? You'll never guess what he has in his hand. Come on, I'll carry you over and we'll look at it." A few minutes later Danny, surrounded with tractors and trucks, is grinning broadly, showing his stubby baby teeth. "I go to school, Jessie,"

he says. "Really," she says. "Let me hear you count."

Danny's roommate, Douwe, is wheeled rapidly past the open door of the waiting room but Danny doesn't recognize him. Douwe is still unconscious, but some nurse has put his teddy bear in the circle of his arm. His lips are noticeably pinker.

Now that Operating Room A is free the nurse comes for Danny and Jessie helps him select a rubber tractor and a blue-and-yellow truck to take with him. Salter is waiting at the door of the operating room to carry Danny in.

"Don't worry, sonny," he says calmly, as he lifts him out of his bed. "We aren't going to hurt you."

Mustard is back from the quick cup of coffee that followed the hernia operation in time to open Danny's chest himself. He looks up at the clock; it is nine thirty-five. He expects the operation will take about an hour.

But from the beginning the operation is as unexpectedly difficult as Douwe's was unexpectedly simple. "The superior vena cava is a whopper," Mustard remarks testily. "Do you see that? There's something screwy here. Lord,

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2 eggs, slightly beaten.
1/2 teaspoon celery salt, pepper and paprika.

Add seasonings to eggs. Combine all ingredients in a shallow baking dish (10 x 6 x 2 inch). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. If desired, ingredients may be combined in top of double boiler, reserving a few olives and mushrooms for garnishing. Cook over gently boiling water 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Arrange in serving dish, garnish with remaining olives and mushrooms. Serves six.

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this kid has a lot of blood vessels."

Every time a blood vessel is cut it must be clamped and tied. At one point Danny has forty clamps hanging from his incision. The three doctors, Mustard, Sirek and Salter, work deftly as a team, one of them picking up the clamp, another tying the vessel and the third clipping the threads above the knot. The hands of the scrub nurse fly as she supplies the instruments.

As Mustard cuts deeper he becomes more worried and his concern shows in the perspiration on his forehead and his tense profanity. "Dammit, this is rough," he moans. "Look at that mammary. I never saw one as big as that. Big as your hat." He looks back over his shoulder at the doctor from Chicago. "Am I making this look hard enough to satisfy you?" he asks. A nurse wipes his forehead with a sterile towel.

Mustard turns back to the incision. "What that vein is doing running across there I'll never know... I'll have to sacrifice it... go straight through the vein... Where is that red blood coming from? It must be a pulmonary vein... Now, look at that stupid little vessel there!"

As in the case of Douwe, not enough of Danny's blood is getting to his lungs but here the only solution is to create a new vein. Mustard is going to make a connection between the aorta, which is carrying Danny's bluish blood out of his heart to his body, and the pulmonary, which carries the heart's blood to the lungs. Danny will then have more than twice as much blood going to his lungs and the bluish color will change to a healthy red.

Mustard creates an extra vein to the lungs by joining a tributary of the aorta at right angles to the pulmonary artery. Danny's blood vessels, however, are a senseless tangle and for an hour Mustard is unable to find a suitable tributary. Word of his difficulty spreads through the hospital and the door of the operation room swings silently, letting in nurses and surgeons between operations. They

pull up their masks as they come into the room, and keep clear of the green-gowned surgeons and the green-draped tables.

Finally, with a satisfied "aaah," he locates it. "That's the advantage of having small hands," he explains. He draws the tiny vein toward the pulmonary artery that Salter is holding clear of the beating heart. Empty of blood because it is clamped, the vein looks like fine macaroni. Mustard takes a wedge out of the pulmonary and joins the vein to the artery with a series of loose stitches. When he pulls them tight the stitches disappear and the vein fits snugly against the hole in the pulmonary.

"Blalock dreamed up that suture on a dog," murmurs Mustard. "It's a wonderful thing." Anna Sirek removes the clamp on the vein and Mustard holds it in his fingers and nods in delight. "I can feel a thrill like a cat's purr."

Salter must leave to begin the vein cut for the intravenous on the next heart patient, a sixteen-month-old baby with a heart deformity like the Dutch boy's. Mustard and Sirek sew their way out of the incision, stitching briskly and swapping shop talk on cardiac surgery with the doctor from Chicago. "You ought to see Gordon Murray work," Mustard tells him. "Technically he is the greatest surgeon in the world."

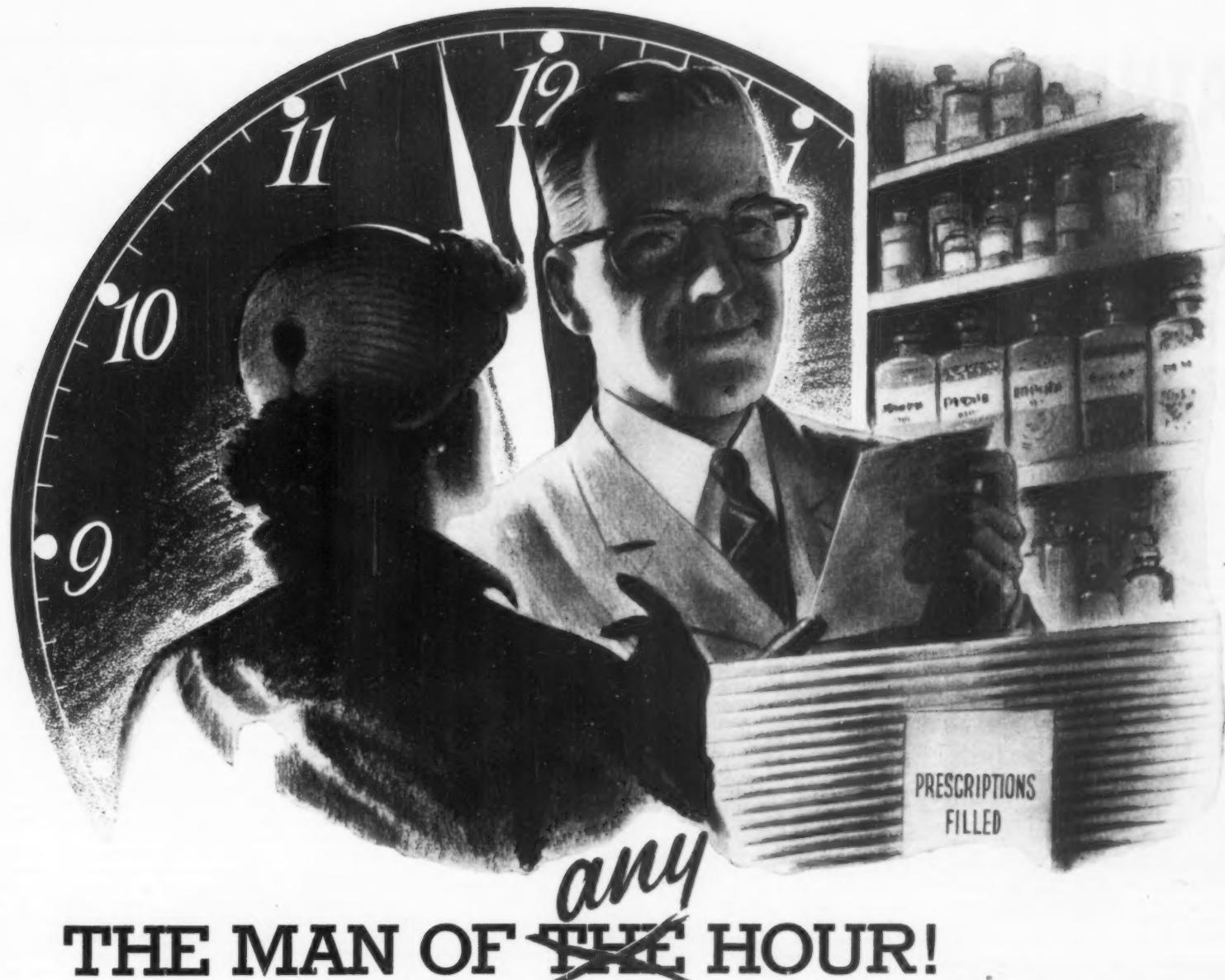
Danny has lost about a hundred and fifty cubic centimetres of blood in the two-hour operation and it has been replaced with whole blood and plasma from the hospital's blood bank. Later his parents will be asked to replace the blood.

As Danny is wheeled into the spacious recovery room and a transparent plastic oxygen tent is fitted around his unconscious body, Mustard is having a cup of coffee in high good humor. "I have six children," he tells the surgeon from Chicago. "You have none? Then you better come to Toronto."

The visitor laughs and then Mustard,



"Mamma's sorry. Mamma didn't realize that you wanted one that goes squeak when you press its tummy."



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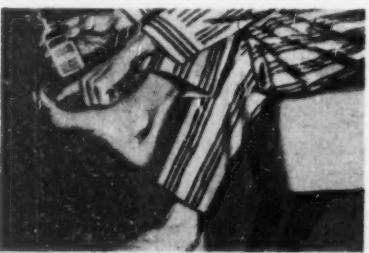
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Oozing through the basement walls and underneath the floor;
Water permeating every inch of where we dwell,
Water, water everywhere, excepting in our well.

Our lane's become a quagmire, a veritable bog—
The fireplace will hold no fire; there's water in each log.
Water on the hummock and water in the dell,
Water, water everywhere, excepting in our well.

An expert in geology surveyed our faults and seams
And vowed that we'd find quantities beyond our wildest
dreams—
"Why, anywhere you dig or drill, there's water to be found";
And so we dug, and then we drilled, but all we found was
ground.

Water in the patio and in each flower pot,
Water helping this thing grow and helping that thing rot,
Water up in heaven and probably in hell,
Water, water everywhere, excepting in our well.

TOM TALMAN

who is only thirty-eight, seriously begins to outline the heart surgery at Sick Children's. Children with congenital heart malformations come to him from all over the world. Of the sixteen most common abnormalities of the heart, six can be repaired with a ninety-three percent rate of recovery. Heart surgeons prefer to wait, if possible, until the child is seven or eight before operating; the fatalities occur mostly when the operation cannot be postponed and must be done a few weeks after birth in a desperate gamble to save the infant's life. Such babies are so weak that, as one intern puts it, "they couldn't have survived a circumcision, let alone a heart operation." Sometimes a medical miracle occurs: one of the seventy-five heart operations Mustard has done since last September was on a twenty-four-day-old infant with a narrowing in his aorta as fine as a pin point. This operation was successful, a world record in its field.

The bitterest frustration of Mustard's life is the artificial heart machine he helped invent which permits him to stop the hearts of infants suffering from a deformity known as transposition of great vessels—a heart which literally is upside down. The operation to change the vessels around requires an hour, during which time the machine pumps the baby's blood through a monkey's lungs to oxygenate it and returns it to the baby. Ten or twelve times a year such a baby is brought to Sick Children's doomed to die in three months, and Mustard makes a brave effort to save the life. Sometimes he comes close—after the operation the baby's heart starts beating again for a time. Mostly, though, the baby is so weak and frail to begin with that the heart doesn't start, ever. Mustard then puffs strongly on a cigarette and covers his fury with a brittle humor. Doctors all over the world are interested in his machine; he has several times reported on it to the American Medical Association. Without a survival, however, it has no real prestige.

At this point Bee Balcom, the operating-floor supervisor, catches up with Mustard. "I want to speak to you, Bill," she says with mock coldness. He goes with her into her office, explaining uneasily, "Now, now Bee . . ." In the end he apologizes for scheduling the

early operation and for being late and assures her it will never happen again, a promise in which neither of them have much faith.

Mustard starts up the hall toward Operating Room B, where his final operation of the day is waiting for him. It is eleven-thirty and a good deal of the surgery is finished, although there will be surgeons working almost until midnight in some of the operating rooms. Jessie has only one child left—a five-year-old boy whose Achilles' tendon is shortened, causing him to walk on his toe. The tendon will be lengthened and stretched so he can walk normally.

In the recovery room the tot with the blond pigtails has two fat white bandages over her eyes, her arms in a nightgown with splints in the sleeves so she can't disturb the dressings. A twelve-year-old girl with a cast on her left thigh is coming out of the anaesthetic, moaning softly. "There, there," the nurse says comfortingly, "it's all over now." Danny and Douwe are still asleep; Danny is snoring softly.

Bending over Danny's oxygen tent is a short woman in a blue nurse's uniform. She coos tenderly, "Wake up Danny, wake up. You're in your own little house now. Wake up and see it." She is Alice Boxill, a veteran at Sick Children's who has taken over the liaison work between patient and parents. All through Danny's operation she has kept his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill O'Grady, of South Porcupine, Ont., informed of his progress. She raises no false hopes; she tells the O'Grady's that the next few days will be critical.

Frequently it is Alice who must tell the parents when the child dies. "The mothers usually break down, but sometimes the father starts to cry and for some reason or other this breaks me up quicker than anything." Paradoxically, it is the parents of children having minor operations who appear the most distraught. One woman once gave a magnificent composite portrayal of Ophelia going mad and Joan of Arc at the stake during her son's tonsillectomy. Mostly parents are too numbed by the bigness of the hospital and the sense of their own uselessness to make much fuss.

While they are waiting the O'Grady's nervously tell Alice about Danny and

she listens with soothing sympathy. He wasn't a blue baby at birth, but the blueness began when he started to walk. He soon adjusted to the knowledge that he couldn't jump on beds and play hockey like a normal boy; he accepted this, but he was upset when his friends jeered that he was a blue baby. Last winter walking to school in the cold tired him so much his mother had to pull him in a sleigh.

Since the Hospital for Sick Children is the only major children's hospital in Canada and one of the four big ones on the continent, about a third of its patients are from out of town. In the past year Sick Children's twenty-two staff surgeons have performed more than eleven thousand operations, with only seventy-five surgical deaths, most of these congenitally deformed infants. The average age of children operated on is four; they average about ten days in the hospital.

Although charges are made for the use of the operating room, less than two thirds of this cost is recovered. It costs eight hundred dollars a day to keep the operating rooms going. An operating table alone, for example, costs eighteen hundred dollars.

It is noon now and Danny is beginning to come to—he complains that his chest hurts and falls asleep again. A bottle of plasma is still connected to the vein in his ankle. A nurse notices the bottle is almost empty and changes it.

The operating rooms are empty and the crews of ward aids are swabbing the walls with special solutions. Jessie Smithers' waiting room is empty and she is washing and ironing doll dresses. Bee Balcom is estimating whether she will have time for a lunch or just coffee and some extra sugar cubes. The women in the workroom are sorting bundles of dark-green linen for tomorrow's operations. A grey-haired man pushes a load of blood-stained linen toward the elevator that will take him to the laundry.

An operating-room nurse stretches and yawns. "Did you hear what that little roughneck who had the hernia said when he came to?" she asks. "He said 'That was a hell of an anaesthetic!' What a character."

"I hear," says Bee slowly, "that we have sixty operations tomorrow." They both have a cigarette. ★

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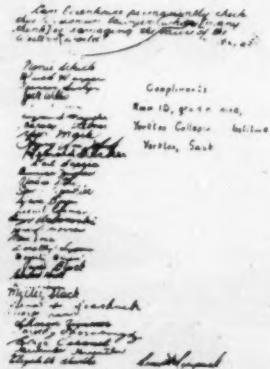
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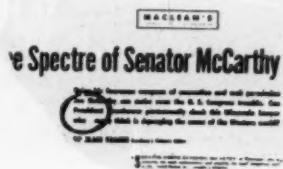
FOR WHOM, THE BELL TOLLS

In Maclean's May 1, page 17, you make a mistake in grammar. "Whom Stalin decided was . . ." should surely be "Who Stalin decided was . . ." I resisted the temptation to point it out to you, but on receiving your May 15 number I can't refrain from pointing out the same mistake on page 7. The sub-heading for The Spectre of Senator McCarthy reads, "Whom many think is . . ." —C. Harris, Mortier Bay, Newfoundland.

• This special type of error, which I call the "shoddy" type, springs from a desire to sound more versed in grammatical structure than one really is. —Mrs. M. Brown, Penticton, B.C.



The editors humbly accept the grammar lesson, especially that from Grade Nine, Yorkton, Sask., Collegiate Institute (see above). In self-defense, though, we offer evidence (see below) that we did spot the bloomer in time to chip off the offending "m" for late-run copies.



Baxter's Friends and Foes

I am a new Canadian, Mr. Baxter, and am proud of it. I will have no part in the English methods of exploiting other people, hobnobbing with Communists like Tito, etc. The majority of Canadians are not of English descent and I am proud of the fact that I have not a drop of German or English blood in my veins. —Algol Ostling, Vancouver.

• When he is in England he is a visiting Canadian claiming all privileges due to a fellow member of the "Empire." When he is in New York he is the cautious English gentleman, puzzled to find that some people consider him a scrounger. Back in Canada again he rapidly becomes the visiting English

politician and basks in the glow of our feelings toward brave England.

There is a real triple phony, and getting away with it too. —B. L. Josephs, Vancouver.

• I see Baxter being criticized. Little men can't understand that one can be loyal to Canada and at the same time be proud of the Commonwealth connection. —A. Powell, Calgary.

• He is the greatest producer of silly palaver of modern days. He would have been even greater in medieval times, in which he seems to be living mostly right now. —Henry Dosch, Empress, Alta.

• Baxter did a nice job this time—he has been, at last, rather fair to and with the Duke of Windsor. —Evangelene M. Thomas, Petitcodiac, N.B.

• Please bring to Baxter's attention that in the Port of Halifax ships never have to wait for tides—not even the Queen Mary nor the Queen Elizabeth, both of which fine big ships have visited Halifax, berthed with ease along side the quay, embarked and disembarked passengers and sailed without delay. —W. B. Spencer, Secretary, Port of Halifax Commission.

• Let me suppress all my superlatives and just say that for my money B. Baxter is the star behind Maclean's very clever covers. —T. L. Myles, Nashwaaksis, N.B.

Under the Union Jack

With reference to Eric Hutton's article, The West Indies Want to Join Us (April 15): Is it ignorance on my part that makes me think Canada is herself practically undeveloped except along the railway line . . . that her forests and backwoods are almost untouched . . . that the native North Americans are for the great part still living in reservations?

If this be true, then may we suggest in all humility that Canada would do well to see to her own affairs first. Our colored people can become, and are, judges, barristers, doctors. We meet them at Government House and they receive decorations and titles according to merit.

We are all honestly convinced that our dear West Indies are better off under the Union Jack than elsewhere. Life with comfort and leisure is cheap in the B.W.I. It needs a lot of money in Canada to procure these things I understand. —J. Fogarty, Eden Bridge, England.

The Character of Joe Howe

Many Nova Scotians will keenly resent certain of your implications reflecting on the character of Joseph Howe in the article, Nova Scotia's Strangest Son (April 1).

Howe was simply the mouthpiece of the majority of Nova Scotians whose harbors were studded with shipping, and whose centres were dotted with manufactories, and who consequently

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feared the loss of their flourishing trade and industries at the coming of Confederation.

But, by 1869 when Howe foresaw that Confederation was to become permanent he proved himself a real patriot by sacrificing his health, his political friends and his ambitions, to join the Conservative Party before it was too late, in order to secure better financial terms for his native province. Was this the act of a traitor?

Hundreds of Nova Scotians who were contemporaneous with Howe evidently did not hold that opinion, for only thirty years after his death they erected a life-size monument to their brilliant son in the heart of Halifax. —J. P. Martin, Dartmouth, N.S.

Sonia Was a Yeoman

McKenzie Porter's article, Sonia was a Spy (Feb. 15), was of great interest to me, having served in the FANY Corps during the war. However, I would point out that the correct title of our corps is "Women's Transport Service (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry)" and not "Field Army Nursing Yeomanry" as printed. —Winnifred Macdonald, London, Eng.

The Influence of Aberhart

Barbara Moon's article, Aberhart, The Man and the Shadow (Mar. 15), shows very clearly the great fear the old-line political parties still have for my father and his policies after all these years.

One statement of Miss Moon's in particular — "current Social Credit leaders seldom boast of the man they once held as prophet" — is very untrue and misleading. At a recent large gathering in Vancouver the national organizer for Social Credit referred to the late William Aberhart in long and glowing terms as "the greatest statesman Canada has ever known," and many others of the present-day leaders have paid tribute to him in like manner, not to mention the large Aberhart Memorial Sanitarium so named in his honor in Edmonton.

Miss Moon refers to this man's influence on this country as a "shadow." We in the west look on it as a great light which has not dimmed with the years but has continued to shine brighter and clearer as the movement broadens across Canada. —Khona Aberhart Cooper, Half Moon Bay, B.C.

- I lived in Calgary when Bible Bill Aberhart was giving his glowing radio talks, but those who knew him like I did put little confidence in his promises. He and Aimee Semple Macpherson, in my opinion, did more harm to religion than all the atheists in the world. —Mrs. Maude Emery, Regina.
- You say Aberhart died June 23, 1943. This is wrong. He died May 23, 1943. —J. P. Korczynski, Turner Valley, Alta.
- Aberhart and his party came into power solely on his offer of twenty-five dollars per month to everybody. Apparently he never read the third chapter of Genesis or he would have known we have to earn our bread. —T. Phelan, Edmonton.
- The truth is that Aberhart must be recognized as one of Canada's great men. He gave his life in service to the people. With unfaltering faith and vision he taught the people that good government must stand upon the Bible truths. —Christina Mondey, Bowden, Alta.
- We wonder if Barbara Moon could have created more ridicule about the

greater than ever!

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optimum power

... maximum usable power for profitable cutting
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Instant swiveling, less time clamping and unclamping. Blade swivels to positive position for cutting at any angle.

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3 point bar mounting with heat treated alloy steel studs and nuts — easily accessible and adjustable screw tightener for proper chain tension.

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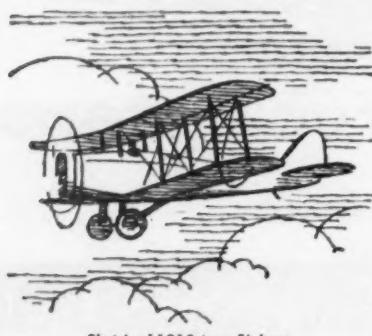
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Sketch of 1918 type Biplane

Canada's Early Air Mail

On June 24th, 1918, tremendous battles raged in France and Belgium: The German Army was making a last bid for victory, in the First Great War. In Canada, on that date, an airplane piloted by Captain Bryan Peck, Toronto, an officer of the Royal Flying Corps, took off from a Montreal airfield; and with him went a small packet of letters consigned to Toronto. This was a modest experimental beginning of Canada's Air Mail.

The early saga of Air Mail was written by pioneer "bush-pilots" who carried air-borne cargoes to the remote mining settlements and trading posts of the vast reaches of Northern Canada. They took also letters and parcels from the Canada Post Office.

In September, '24, the first actual Air Mail service as such began from Haileybury, Ont., and Angliers, P.Q., to the newly opened Rouyn mining area.

Ensuing years saw great progress. Regular Air Mail to speed-up trans-Atlantic services was inaugurated in 1928 when mail planes were flown between Rimouski on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Montreal—Ottawa—Toronto.

These successes encouraged the Post Office to venture beyond Canada. In pace with similarly expanding services in the United States, Air Mail was begun in 1928 between Montreal and Albany, N.Y., connecting with other lines to and from New York. Linking of other Canadian and United States cities followed quickly.

In the 35 years since Captain Peck's pioneering effort, Canada has developed an Air Mail system that ramifies to every part of the globe. This story will be told later in this column.



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inevitably occurs
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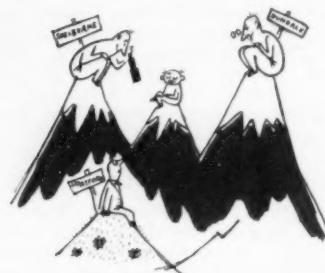
yours will be a happy journey, whether you travel by boat, train, bus, motor or plane. Children, particularly, are not accustomed to travel motion and often become faint and irritable after riding but a short way. Relieve this travel sickness with a timely dose of **MOTHERSILL'S**, the remedy successfully used for half a century, and recommended by many physicians and well-known travelers.

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THE WORLD OVER

From The Heights

Much as I admire the old-home-town spirit shown by Alan Phillips in his article (May 1) on Stratford and the Shakespeare festival, when he states that Stratford (1150 feet) has the highest altitude in Ontario I cannot help wondering if someone has taken a



Somebody Loves Us

It might be said that if one reads Maclean's one is up on the affairs of Canada.—A. A. Hodgson, Westmount, Que.

• An incredible gift to any citizen, and at fifteen cents!—G. C. Thomson, Swift Current, Sask.

• The unique quality of presenting the Canadian view in a broad-minded manner.—Jean M. Fisher, East Saint John, N.B.

• A great source of pride to Canadians.—Mrs. Dorothy Baxter, North Vancouver, B.C.

• I am an English fellow but I've yet to read a better book anywhere.—J. B. Bird, London, Eng.

• Congratulations on the marked progress your magazine has made over the past two years.—W. T. Brooks, North Vancouver, B.C.

• Maclean's is better with every issue.—Mrs. J. Wood, Cross Lake, Man.

• A sincere salute of appreciation and admiration.—Robert E. Parkinson, Toronto.

Who Has the Rich?

Blair Fraser, in the pretense of recounting the "low blows" the Liberals have aimed at the Conservatives, delivers the lowest blow at the Conservatives I have yet read (Backstage at Ottawa, May 1). He says ... "Rich men who fancy themselves the owners of the Progressive Conservative Party and who speak of their members as if they were menial employees."

If there are these "rich men" why is it that the Conservatives are so short of money at every election while the Liberals, as everyone knows, have endless resources? The presidents of ninety percent of the big companies are Liberals.—G. Sansom, Fredericton.

Cape Breton's Pride

Your David MacDonald has a wonderful story in The Cursed Stones of Louisbourg (May 15). Because the people of Cape Breton are so very proud of what has been done to restore these ruins, we feel sorry that you omitted such names as the late Senator John S. MacLennan, who was re-

sponsible for this work in the first place, and his artist wife who with him made many trips to France to be able to reproduce in painting from the exact map of the "old town" so that the scale model pictured with the story could be made by their daughter, Miss Katherine MacLennan.—Mrs. H. E. S. Thompson, Sydney, N.S.

• A must for every Cape Bretoner to read. An outstanding article.—Larry and Oliva McPhee, Sydney Mines, N.S.

From The Heights

Much as I admire the old-home-town spirit shown by Alan Phillips in his article (May 1) on Stratford and the Shakespeare festival, when he states that Stratford (1150 feet) has the highest altitude in Ontario I cannot help wondering if someone has taken a

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TO THE TEE A well-driven golf ball leaves the head of the club at one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. This is only slightly faster than a golfer leaves the office. *Kipling (Sask.) Citizen.*

HIGH LIVING In the old days only poets, artists and musicians lived in attics. Now they're occupied mostly by people who can't afford basements. *Chatham (Ont.) Daily News.*

HALE AND HORRIBLE Noticing all the things you can answer "no" to on the insurance doctor's questionnaire makes you realize what a dull life you've led. *Victoria Colonist.*

CHEAP TALK Some people think charity is giving to others the advice they cannot use themselves. *Rouyn-Noranda (Que.) Press.*

BRAVE NEW WORLD Some old-fashioned mothers who can remember their husband's first kiss now have daughters who can't remember their first husbands. *Vancouver Province.*

TRIM TOP There's one thing about baldness. It's neat. *Niagara Falls Review.*

LIGHT TOUCH A sleepy patient suggests a saving on hospital electricity bills by staying in bed until it's light. *Calgary Herald.*

WORDS FAIL HIM Pity the poor clergyman who bought a used car and then didn't have the vocabulary to run it. *Woodstock (Ont.) Sentinel-Review.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



"There's someone here that does animal imitations."

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...the Dark and Mellow Rum, Bottled in Jamaica

Try these favourite Rum Recipes . . .

PLANTERS' PUNCH

1 of sour (1 part fresh lime juice)
2 of sweet (2 parts sugar) or syrup
3 of strong (3 parts Myers's Jamaica Rum)
4 of weak (4 parts water and ice)
Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir.
Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a maraschino cherry.

EGG NOG

Pour 1 oz. Myers's Jamaica Rum into a shaker
Add 1/2 oz. of Cognac or Brandy
1 teaspoon of plain syrup
1 fresh egg. Plenty of chopped ice. Add nearly a glassful of rich milk.
Shake well and strain into a tall glass.
Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

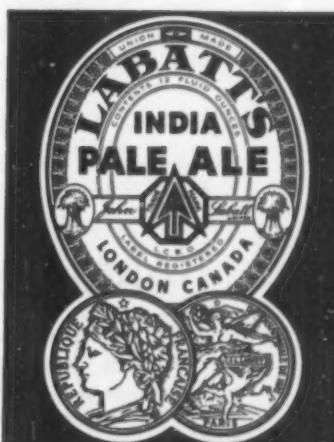
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TRAFFIC bogged down completely at the high-level bridge on the outskirts of Hamilton, Ont., one morning. As car after car stopped, drivers and passengers rushed to join an excited throng peering over the railing. No one seemed to know what was going on but fearful rumors of an auto accident buzzed through the crowd.

Finally the true story came out and the Hamiltonians went sheepishly on to work. The commotion had begun



when some American tourists stopped to have a look at the scenery.

The gutter in front of a Minto, N.B., store was clogged. The store proprietor complained continually to the local works department but the puddles in front of the shop grew with every rain.

Finally he erected a sign near the widening pool: Fishing is Positively Prohibited.

In West Toronto, several factory workers boarded a streetcar one payday and offered to pay their fares with ten-dollar bills, hoping the conductor couldn't make change and would give them free ride.

But they were near the car barns and the conductor hopped out with one of the tens. He returned in a moment with fistfuls of coins, solemnly extracted ten cents, then poured the change into the passenger's lap—one hundred and ninety-eight nickels.

His companions suddenly discovered that they had the correct fare after all.

Just after an address on Fire Prevention in Industry at a meeting of the Association of Canadian Fire Marshals, in Winnipeg, one of the head-table guests tossed a lighted match into an ash tray. It set fire to some waste paper and the meeting paused briefly while a fire commissioner scurried out with the flaming ash tray.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A ten-year-old boy was stubbornly guarding a vacant seat on a crowded five-o'clock Montreal bus. A hefty woman, well past middle age but doing her best to hide it with rouge and hair rinse, descended on the seat. "Excuse me, ma'am," said the boy politely, "but I'm keeping this place for an old lady."

Flushed and flattered, the woman moved down the bus and teetered happily on her spike heels for the rest of the trip. A moment later the boy stood aside while another woman, not much older but considerably fraiser, slipped into the seat.

It was the annual At Home for an Ottawa lodge, with wives and sweethearts as honored guests. The toast to the ladies had been proposed with the usual flattering remarks. Then a lodge brother was delegated to lead a few minutes of community singing.

He bounced to his feet and, oblivious of the dirty looks from the guests, shouted, "All together now — The Old Grey Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be."

A girl in Shaunavon, Sask., is still wondering if the shower invitation was misspelled or not. It read "... requests the pleasure of your presents at her house, in honor of her daughter . . ."

A couple vacationing on Vancouver Island stopped at a quiet rural churchyard and strolled idly through the cemetery. They noticed an



elderly man studying the tablets with unusual interest.

As they approached, he nodded affably and pointed to a blank headstone. "My own," he explained. "Just like to get acquainted with all my future neighbors, you know."

An RCMP highway patrol overtook a scrap-metal truck near Pincher Creek, Alta. Several projecting iron bars were tagged with a white cloth. The Mountie warned the driver that the law calls for a red cloth in such circumstances.

Without saying a word the driver peeled off his jacket, pulled out his red flannel shirttail, tore off a chunk, tied it to his scrap iron and went on his way.



The Seagram Gold Cup

Again this year, The Royal Canadian Golf Association will present the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner of the Canadian Open Golf Championship. This famous trophy, which bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers—Little, Snead, Nelson, Wood, Locke,

Harrison, Ferrier and Palmer—will be competed for on July 8, 9, 10, 11, at the colourful Scarboro Golf and Country Club in Toronto. To all spectators and competitors, The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome and best wishes.

The House of Seagram



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 15, 1953

